The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

PRICE IN PARIS 30 CENTIMES

VOL. XIII. No. 320. [Entered at Stationers' Hall.] LONDON: WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1900. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.] PRICE 2D.

SEE WAR NEWS, PAGE 3.

Photographed by Chas. Knight, Aldershot.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. D. F. FRENCH,

Who has Hemmed in the Boers at Colesberg.

The Mirror of Life

Published Weekly by
THE MIRROR OF LIFE CO., Ltd.,
172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1900.

RATES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

"The Mirror of Life" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at the following rates:—

One Year, Post Free	...	10s. 10d.
Six Months, ditto	...	5s. 5d.
Three Months, ditto	...	2s. 8d.

For Transmission Abroad.

One Year, Post Free	...	13s. 0d.
Six Months, ditto	...	6s. 6d.
Three Months, ditto	...	3s. 3d.

All Cheques to be made payable to "The Mirror of Life" Co., Ltd., and crossed.

"THE MIRROR OF LIFE" HAS DOUBLE THE CIRCULATION OF ANY ILLUSTRATED SPORTING PAPER IN THE WORLD.

"THE MIRROR OF LIFE" HAS READERS ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

13 WEEKS 13

Send 2s. 8d. to the Mirror of Life, 172, Fleet Street, E.C., and the paper will be sent you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining "The Mirror of Life" regularly of your newsagent, please send his name and address, and we shall see that he receives his supply weekly.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS MUST WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, OTHERWISE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CANNOT BE INSERTED.

All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post. "The Mirror of Life," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. Buckman (Esher).—A portrait of Heenan and Sayers in the ring at Farnboro', by Newbold, will cost you from £3 to £5. There is one published by the late Jem Ward, a copy of the original, which is worth about 10s.

Dyson (Mexboro').—Sam Hurst was a Lancashire man, and a champion wrestler in that style, as well as champion of England. Stalybridge stands on more than one county.

B. T. S.—Running high kick 9ft 8in.

T. Roberts.—1. J. Meagher, eight miles in 58min 37sec. 2. Pro. 3. America.

Railway.—The prize is valued at £250, with gold medal and badge of N.R.A.

Constant Subscriber.—Yes, according to the rules laid down by the M.C.C.

T. Mate.—James Smart at Lingay Fen.

P. O. L.—F. E. Bacon at Stamford Bridge.

T. Lambton.—Never at the Crystal Palace.

D. V. S.—36 hours without a rest.

O. P.—1. W. J. Sturgess accomplished 2 miles in 13min 24sec. 2. At Putney.

S. F.—That record was made on a turf track.

C. Clark.—The dealer has last call.

B. C. H.—With his shoes on.

N. York.—He would be described as a cob.

Yet.—At Ashton Grounds, Birmingham.

Trotter.—Wembley Park, London.

C. Angle.—At 8st 2lb and £350.

R. Batt.—Benny C, Gold Ring, and Harvey Wilkes all on scratch.

Ned J.—The meeting was abandoned.

C. K.—The card was exposed, but it cannot be picked up.

Inquirer.—1. Tom Smallwood. 2. When he drove three horses.

T. Roach.—Jem Mace beat Tom King January, 1862.

L. Neale.—If he draws a bye he is bound to spar with the selected opponent.

G. Thearle. — Suffolk Street, Strand, or Knightsbridge Barracks.

J. Simpson.—The time was two yards inside 12sec.

R. O.—Tom Tracy, three times.

F. F. H.—"Kid" McCoy's height is 5ft 11in.

T. Willson. — It should be replaced immediately.

Ped.—1. 4min 12½sec. 2. Cummings.

A. Griff.—There are plenty of good training quarters within ten miles of London.

W. Gibson.—Ted Beach beat Joe Williams, of Rotherham, in 20 rounds at the N.S.C.

H. Trade.—1. They boxed at 8st 8lb. 2. No appeal.

S. Holler.—Twice. He was knocked out by the Kentucky Rosebud at Philadelphia, and also by Terry McGovern.

Ton, W. A.—Watts rode the winner of the first Jubilee.

P. P.—According to articles of agreement.

R. E. A.—For a purse only.

Blink.—It was held over until the following week.

Alf J.—Ted Pritchard won in three rounds.

P. T. A.—In 1894.

Ilex.—Isinglass won in stakes alone £57,455.

H. Doyle.—At Timaru, New Zealand.

T. Jones.—You cannot judge by the photo.

Treherbert.—See answer to "Ilex."

Welcome.—The referee stopped the contest.

E. A. T. K.—Certainly, you can refuse to accept it.

T. Pelt.—All in, run or not.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

THE FORTHCOMING INTERNATIONAL CONTESTS.

TOMMY HOGAN v. BILL CHESTER AND JEMMY RYAN v. "DIDO" PLUMB.

A RECENT ONE-ROUND CONTEST—WAS IT "BOGEY"?

THE NEW RULES FOR MINOR BANTAMS AT THE N.S.C.

In little less than a fortnight we shall see the first most important match of the season play its part at the N.S.C. On Monday, February 26, another international battle promoted by The Mirror of Life will take place within the histrionic walls of the Covent Garden club. Sam Fitzpatrick would not have crossed the salt sea with a "stumor," and we must take it for granted that Tommy Hogan—his record notwithstanding—is as good as they make them. When Sam brought over "Kid" Lavigne we thought he (Sam) had made a mistake. We could not imagine a boxer inches less in height and over a stone less in weight beating the champion, whose praises had been sung by all those who had never seen a real good man put up his hands. Tommy Hogan is bred from the most pugnacious race in the world—a race whether it mixes with the Anglo-Saxon in America or in England is sure to develop good fighting material. Hogan is a finely framed young fellow with a wicked mouth, the sort of fighter who will never give anything nor take anything. At Sammy Brown's Hogan has adopted the same kind of training pursued by Bill Heffernan when training to meet "Dido" Plumb from that hostelry. Tommy uses the harness for jaw and back strengthening in the same way as that described in these pages of Bill Heffernan's training for "Dido" Plumb. By the bye, speaking of "Dido" Plumb reminds us that another candidate for the honour of a meeting with that boxer has taken the place of Bill Heffernan at the Derby Arms. This is no less a personage than "Australian" Jemmy Ryan. American pugilists, as a rule, do not adopt the drastic measures in vogue years ago among English pugilists to get down to weight, when the skin was drawn as tightly over the body as the parchment on a drumhead, the muscles being seen in play beneath the skin. It was such training as this that caused Jem Mace at nearly thirty years of age to scale at 10st 2lb at Bill Richardson's when he fought the still living Bob Travers. Viewed in this light we think Jemmy Ryan, trained under these drastic conditions, would be no more than a light-weight. On a second view of Jemmy Ryan we were struck by his resemblance in physique to Patsey Reardon, a fighter who stood just Jemmy Ryan's number of inches (5ft 7½in), whose physical build was about the same as the above, and whose fighting weight was 10st 2lb. At this weight Patsey fought and defeated some of the best men in the ring, including Bob Travers, Jem Dillon, and the "Brighton Doctor." "Dido" Plumb has just finished his training at the World's Fair, and will no doubt travel with his master, Harry Hughes, to the favourite show ground at Grimsby. We hope Johnny Hughes will have sufficiently recovered from his late accident to be able (as Johnny usually does) to train "Dido." On the occasion when "Dido" Plumb met Bill Heffernan he trained at Portsmouth under the care of Johnny Hughes, where "Dido" was put through the mill most satisfactorily. Seven weeks' sparring at the World's Fair, drinking like a music-hall chairman with everybody that asks you does not improve form; but "Dido" lifts his elbow for "pongelo" (beer) so this perhaps will not matter.

Harking back to the Chester v. Hogan match, we cannot disassociate our minds from Bill Chester and Willie Smith. Both lads have made their reputations at the East-end, and neither, before meeting lads from the other side, have fought contests of more than six rounds duration. Yet in the case of Willie Smith such a reputation had this champion that when he met t'other Smith from over the water (Solly) he (Willie Smith) was not in the hunt. Bill Chester may prove, perhaps, the very reverse of Willie Smith, and may be able to give Tommy Hogan the battle of his lifetime.

Alas poor boxing! When certain persons of the most shady kind have a finger in any boxing pie we are prepared for results, and the result of the Scales v. Burge contest did not surprise us. Scales has a weak and irresolute cast of feature and the pointed jaw which would lend itself to a knock-out or be foolish enough to listen to Mr. Arrangement. Our reporter states that he visited Scales at Folkestone, when Scales showed him a letter from one of the principals of the club, who said that the purse would be all right; but the purse eventually did not amount to more than £70 each combatant The match was, it was said, to go the way of the betting. There were so many "heads" present that McCarthy, who seconded Scales, carried a gun. It is only the square and determined mug of a Tom Sayers which will not listen to the voice of the charmer, woo he ever so wisely. Tom was approached by many persons to throw over important engagements, but no money could buy Tom. "It's of no use, guv'nor," Tom used to remark to his tempter, "I must cop at the finish." When you are seen in the company of certain persons you are suspected of being either the rook or the pigeon. Now the question arises as to which of these denominations did Scales belong. We have seen Dick Burge in most of his battles, and when the opposite side meant real business no boxer could be more cautious. Yet on this evening he goes up to an opponent who has a reputation for extreme cleverness, besides great muscular strength, as though he were a punching bag or a dummy man, stuck up like a skittle and readier for the occasion. Can a leopard change its spots? Then we ask, Can a boxer change his usual mode of fighting, unless he is acting a part? Perhaps we are wrong in our surmises; but when certain persons governed this show whose touch is to pollute, who are barred from every respectable club, and whom we have seen making trouble where everything should be fair, square, and above board, we should not be true to our principles of fair play did we not ventilate our doubts concerning the bona-fides of the Burge v. Scales contest.

Once upon a time the cleverest and the best pugilists were under 8st. In looking through the chronicles of the prize ring we find such bantams as Joe Nolan, Joe Hoiles ("the Spider"), Simon Finnighty, Jack Lead, and others too numerous to mention scaling under 8st without sad results. We have seen Brown, Jones, or Robinson's midgets knock each other about nightly when ordinary children are in bed and yet live to become great ones of the earth. "Snowball," Figg, Bert Smith, Ben Harris, Barney Scannell, "Pedlar" and Matt Palmer, and others are cases in point; yet the exception to the above is shown at one of the best clubs for boxing that has ever been instituted—the house in Covent Garden. Giants have battled within its walls without serious results, yet when fatalities occurred it invariably happened to be among the small fry, too small, it was thought, to inflict injuries on each other of a serious character. Facts speak louder than words, and one cannot get away from the fact that while boxers of a larger growth have gone through the allotted number of rounds without fatal results, the small fry—Tom Turner, Walter Croot, and Mike Reilly—have died in harness. To obviate this the N.S.C. management has fixed upon 8st as the minimum weight for sparrers in competitions and contests. Instead of weighing on the afternoon of a contest fixed for Monday, men engaged will be called upon to pass the scale on the Saturday prior to the day of battle. Without wishing to say anything for or against this arrangement, we hope these new rules may have the desired effect. Boxers with any sense of self-respect will not make use of their freedom to wander at their own sweet will, and eat and drink what they desire from the Saturday to the Monday more than if they were still in training. We hope for the best, but we shall see.

Referees should know the difference between tousling, hugging, and wrestling, and boxing. On the last occasion that Ware met Plimmer under the same referee Ware did everything but bite. It serves Plimmer right on this occasion that the verdict was recorded against him. The same man who refereed the last contest would naturally think he did his duty to both combatants, and that Ware's aggressive tactics were in keeping with the art of self-defence. These are not our opinions alone. The following are the remarks of the reporter (present at the contest) from the *Sporting Life*: "The contest was a by no means pretty one to watch. It was a case of a clever boxer and old general against a fighter of the bulldog type, possessed of very little to commend him in the way of science. Ware hugged and wrestled during the opening rounds in a position which many a referee would have considered merited disqualification, but he was allowed a deal of leniency."

THE LATE JEM W. BUTLER (BLACK), OF LIVERPOOL.

A Professor of Boxing and Pugilism, who has Brought many Promising Boxers to the Front.

(With Portrait.)

The last time we saw this good old Ethiopian performer with the gloves was at Birmingham, where he had journeyed up from Liverpool to second the "Cooler" in his contest with Dick O'Brien. It is now nearly fifty years ago (Butler's own statement) since he arrived on these shores from America a free nigger, Butler never having been a slave. Coloured then at that period were very much in evidence as pugilists, and Jem Butler soon found a brudder black to introduce him to the fancy. The old chap was as guileless as Uncle Tom, and a constant contributor to The Mirror of Life. Jem Butler, the veteran coloured 9st 6lb champion, died at Mill Road Hospital, Liverpool, on January 24, 1900, after a short course of illness, aged 66 years. Butler was the proprietor of the Continental Checkered Club, Pembroke Street, Liverpool, from where he turned out some of the best men that ever donned a glove in the North, including such men as Billy and Frank Brierley, Little Toff Wall, S. J. Gariety, Jack Hughes, George Wills, Frank Lowery, Bob Richardson Billy Graham, Miles, Ives, Ned Derrell, Salomon Massey, Joseph Sedon, Snuger, of Windsor, Mike Healey, champion of the cab trade, Punch Vaughan, champion of Lancashire, G. D. Williams, Butler's wolf-coloured champion of the North, and the last but not the least, Harry Brown, 9st 4lb and 6lb coloured champion of the North. Butler leaves a wife but no children.

AN IMPROMPTU "SCRAP" IN THE OPEN.

Two Women in a Hair-Pulling Fight.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Nothing collects an enthusiastic crowd like a street fight, who urge the combatants to finish the job off hand, glorying in watching a couple hammering each other while they get the fun for nothing. More especially was this the case when a couple of ladies with pasts, who, after the usual recriminations, set to work in the tonsorial line by clutching handfuls of worsted on each other's heads, and the game only came to a conclusion when the gentleman in blue arrived and parted the couple.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

Among the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—Sam Fitzpatrick (manager of Tommy Hogan), James Achew, Bert Smith ("Irish Count"), Jemmy Ryan (of America), Mr. Prest (Croydon), Private H. Gibbons, Private H. P. Davis, Corporal G. Kirby (of the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry), Charley Penley, Dick Jordan, C. Smirke, J. T. Hulls, jun., E. M'Maw, Jem Ryan, Joe Nolan, Jem Barry, Fred Lane, Jack Gibson (Gateshead), Charley Pendley, J. Davidson, Walter Hackshaw, Teddy Cranfield (well-known sport), Jack Cohen (Pindar of Wakefield), Harry Smith (brother to Nat Smith), Bill Escott, Frank Exall, Albert Dart, Dave Peters, Jem Thomas, Arthur Lloyd, "Jumbo" Smith (Mitcham), A. Mortimer, Fred Fairchild, Bill Easy, E. Birt, Jack Haggerty (ex-champion swimmer and pedestrian and manager Stalybridge Gymnasium), Jem Mellor (champion wrestler), Wolff Bendoff, Matt Palmer, Mr. Chas. Mawson, Bill Baxter, Jack Gibson, Mr. Le Neve (strong man).

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for Frank Gess, Chad Heald, Bobby Dobbs (of America), Pat Condon, James Tolley, J. Eden, H. Chance Newton, George Matthews, Paddy Gorman, Matthew W. Wood, James J. Corbett, Billy Plimmer, C. McCoy, Mace Williams, George Fox Giles, Ted Wakeham, Claude Thompson, Ernie Greaves, Jem Hall (of Australia), "Driver" Pinchen, J. F. White (three), Bob Fitzsimmons (three), Dick Burge, J. Fitzgibbons (two), Jim Holloway, Fred Morrell, F. Leon (two), George Slark, P. J. King, Charley Mitchell, G. T. Smink, Sam Fitzpatrick (manager of Tommy Hogan) (papers).

OUR WAR COLUMN.

LORD ROBERTS AT THE FRONT.

SEVEN SWIMMERS.

MODDER RIVER CAMP,
February 10 (4 p.m.)

Lord Roberts visited the camp of the Highland Brigade this morning, and addressed a brief speech to each battalion.

He referred to his past associations with their regiments in India, where, he said, they helped to make him. He had never campaigned without Highlanders, and he would not like to be without them now.

He was glad General Macdonald had reported well of them. He recalled how the Seaforths once made a long and arduous march with him.

They would have a shorter one now, he said, but it would not be a "walk over." Nevertheless, he did not doubt that it would be a successful one.

The brigade gave three cheers for the Commander-in-Chief, and another for Lady Roberts.

Lord Roberts, acknowledging the compliment, said that Lady Roberts was doing for them at home what was, perhaps, better work than his, by helping the welfare of their wives and families.

Before leaving Koodoosberg yesterday we buried the bodies of fourteen Boers. The expedition prevented the projected attack of the Boers upon our communications between here and Enslin.

BRITISH RETAKE POSSESSION OF FORMER POSITIONS.

RENSBURG, February 12 (5 p.m.).—Hobkirks and Bastards Nek, which the Boers took possession of on Saturday, have since been re-occupied by us after the enemy had been shelled out.

GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN.

500 BOERS NEAR PRIESKA.

CAPE TOWN, February 12.—Prieska has been quiet since the British troops left. A small body of rebels from Griquatown is patrolling the north bank of the Orange River, but is unable to cross, as the river is in flood, and the Australians destroyed all the boats. Five hundred Boers are in laager between Prieska and Griquatown.

SEVEN GALLANT SWIMMERS.

The story runs thus:—

"It was noticed that the pont at the drift was lying moored on the Boer side of the river. Colonel Byng, of the South African Light Horse, volunteered, it is said, to secure the heavy boat.

"Lord Dundonald demurred. The offer of Lieutenant Carlisle, of F Squadron, to lead a few men across the river for the pont was, however, accepted. Those volunteering were Sergeant Turner, Corporals Barkley and Cox, and Troopers Collingwood, Howell, and Godden — all of F Squadron.

"Entering the river quietly, the seven swimmers struck out vigorously, and, notwithstanding the strong current, were making splendid progress when almost in mid-stream Barkley was seized with cramp. Fortunately Howell, with great presence of mind, quietly dropped down stream a few yards until he caught Barkley with one hand and the guiding rope of the pont with the other.

"There was no time to disengage the pont from where it had been fixed by the Boers, so Lieutenant Carlisle cut the guiding rope close to the landing post, threw the end on board, and made it fast. The men scrambled on to the pont, pulled it away into the river by hauling taut on to the other, or our, end of the made-fast guiding rope.

"Unfortunately, when the craft had just reached mid-stream, the bullets not only began to fly, but the pulleys on the hawser along which the pont travelled become jammed through the powerful tide.

"Immediately the running gear jammed, and brought the pont to a standstill.

"Carlisle and his men found themselves under a very hot fire at 450 yards from seven Boers, who had galloped down obliquely to the low kopjes near the bank for that purpose.

"The party then dashed overboard. Turner, Collingwood, and Godden struck out and began hauling on the guiding rope.

"Cox, then, seeing all efforts to free the pont by hauling on the guiding rope proving futile, deliberately got on deck again, and succeeded in removing the obstruction in the hawser, then dived again, amid a fusillade, and swimming to the drift lent his aid to pull in.

"While the exciting episode lasted—really only a matter of five minutes or so—Colonel Byng had detailed twenty-five men of the Light Horse, under Captain Sheppard, to go down into the plain and engage the Boers.

"The Boers, who had been firing from cover, sheered off, enabling Carlisle and his brave fellows to double across the flat and up the steep hillside."

A remarkable offer has been made to the authorities in Melbourne by Mrs. Fraser, who is under remand on a charge of shooting her husband, Dr. Fraser, an English gentleman.

She has offered to serve as an English spy among the Boers. She informed the authorities that she was no ordinary woman, she knows nothing of fear, that she is a fine shot, can swim well, and that in the event of capture she would sell her life as dearly as possible. There are, however, difficulties in the way of Mrs. Fraser's services being accepted. The Crown Prosecutor reminds the authorities that there is a little score to be wiped off first.

SHARP FIGHT WITH BOER PATROL AT BARKLY.

The Enemy Retire with Killed and Wounded.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A SHARP conflict occurred outside Barkly, about twenty-five miles from Kimberley, between a Boer patrol and loyal colonists. The Boers lost two of their number, with several wounded, and retired in an easterly direction towards Koodoo, the Colonials had two men wounded. Kimberley heliographed to Modder River the statement of a Barkly West refugee that three waggon-loads of loyal Dutch were despatched under escort to share in the investment of Kimberley.

These Boers refuse to fight against the British, and hope that if the Boers carry out their threat of shooting them the British will look after their families.

VENTRILOQUIST AND HIS DUMMY FIGURE.

The Collector of Fares Receives a Shock.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A MAN entered a tramcar with a black evil-looking figure, with long snake-like arms. This figure, with its hideous face, protruding teeth, and rolling eyes, looked as if it had escaped from some infernal region, so that it was not surprising that when the conductor came forward to collect the fares a horrible sound appeared to issue from its mouth, and, stretching out its long, bony arms caused the man to start back in terror, but it was only the joke of some clever ventriloquist, who made the figure work and speak as he sat beside it.

JACK SCALES,

Who Met Dick Burge for £200 a-side at the New Palace Club on February 9.

(With Portrait.)

JACK SCALES is in the heavy-weight division and tips the beam at 12st, standing 5ft 10½in, and is twenty-five years of age. The most prominent of his successes were gained in 1½rds over Tom Lees, of Australia; 5rds beat Starlight at N.S.C.; 3rds beat J. J. Mottram, N.S.C.; 1½rds beat Fred Greenbank, of Hounslow; ½rd beat Edgard Beard, Sydenham; 6rds beat Jack Walsh, Canning Town; 1rd beat Tom Mack, Plaistow; won an heavy-weight open competition at Bill Lee's School of Arms; beaten by Dick Burge in 1rd.

J. GIBSON, of Gateshead, in company with C. Penley and Bill Baxter, called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and appears particularly pleased with the sights of London, and stated he intended next week to go into strict training for the Russell match, Brighton being the spot Gibson will honour as his training quarters.

TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) the Aldgate Baths will be opened by some East-end sportsmen. The chief bout on this occasion will be a fifteen-round contest between Harry Neumier and Dave Peters. Over three hours good boxing is advertised, and this, the only resort in the East-end, should be crowded.

THE PANTOMIME at the Garrick finishes on Saturday next.

AT THE PALACE THEATRE new war pictures are being shown through the medium of the Biograph.

THE GRAND THEATRE, Islington, pantomime, "The Forty Thieves," continues a strong attraction.

MISS ANNIE HUGHES received a hearty welcome on her reappearance in "Dandy Dick" at Wyndham's Theatre.

"FACING THE MUSIC" has caught on at the Strand.

THAT VERY CLEVER mimic Miss Marie Dainton is appearing with marked success at the Palace and Hammersmith.

VERY POPULAR are the turns contributed by the Brothers Webb, Miss Lily Langtry, and Griff at the Royal.

MR. E. S. BARNES has added to the already attractive programme at Collins's several new turns, including "Talma," Queen of Coins, and the one and only Arthur Roberts.

A CLEVER DOG is employed by Harry Edson in his turn at the Tivoli. Joe Elvin is going strong in his new sketch, "Tonight's the Night."

"THE BISHOP'S EYE," an eccentric comedy, will shortly be produced at the Vaudeville by Yorke Stephens.

THERE IS A novel turn at the Hippodrome in the shape of a horse rejoicing in the name of Mr. Goodnight. The animal in question enters the arena in male attire, undresses, and puts himself to bed.

MDLLE. DIANE DE FONTENOY, the beautiful and perfect-figured living statue, continues an unqualified success at the Oxford, where her classical poses are warmly applauded.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES" has been drawing good audiences at Terry's Theatre. Future arrangements, however, compel its withdrawal on Saturday next.

AT THE LONDON PAVILION Miss Millie Lindon is an extremely popular turn, and her song "That's What a Gentleman Is" receives effective treatment. The fair singer, who exhibits considerable taste in the matter of dress, is considerably applauded.

THE PARAGON bears every appearance of prosperity, and great enthusiasm prevails nightly. Two capital sketches are included in the programme, "The Evening Party" by the Boisset Troupe, and the popular "Drummed Out" sketch, with A.C. Lilley and strong company. The variety turns include Tom Leamore, Miss Lida Clark, some new war pictures, &c.

SEVERAL NEW TURNS are to be found at the London, Shoreditch, including the clever "Talma," Queen of Coins; Leo Stormont, with song and recitation; and a new sketch by Wal Pink, entitled "Bill." Miss Kate Carney, Fish and Warren, Dunville, Arthur Lennard, the Kellino Family, and charming Miss Millie Lindon all remain firm favourites.

"RAG-TIME" DANCING is indulged in at the Queen's, Poplar, by Callagher and Hild, the two American Dromios; Harry Wright, extempore vocalist; Miss Nellie Gannon, the Musical Howards, the Three Mandarins in a knockabout table act, assisted by a marvellously agile man monkey, and the Weston Carleton Co. in a sensational sketch entitled "Vengeance" contribute to the success of the show.

"DARK DEEDS" is the title of a thrilling sketch played by E. Cranston and company at the Middlesex. Menotti, the wire walker, vivacious Miss Lily Langtry, the always popular Leonards, Vento, and Frank Gerald and Co. in a new sketch "A Breach of Promise" are some of the tit-bits in a programme stocked with good things.

DO NOT MISS Fred Rome's Annual Bohemian Concert at Stanley Hall, Junction Road, on Wednesday next, the 21st. I have seen the programme, which numbers a fine and large list of well-known names in the entertaining world, and a highly enjoyable evening ought, and no doubt will, result therefrom. Make a note that ladies are especially invited.

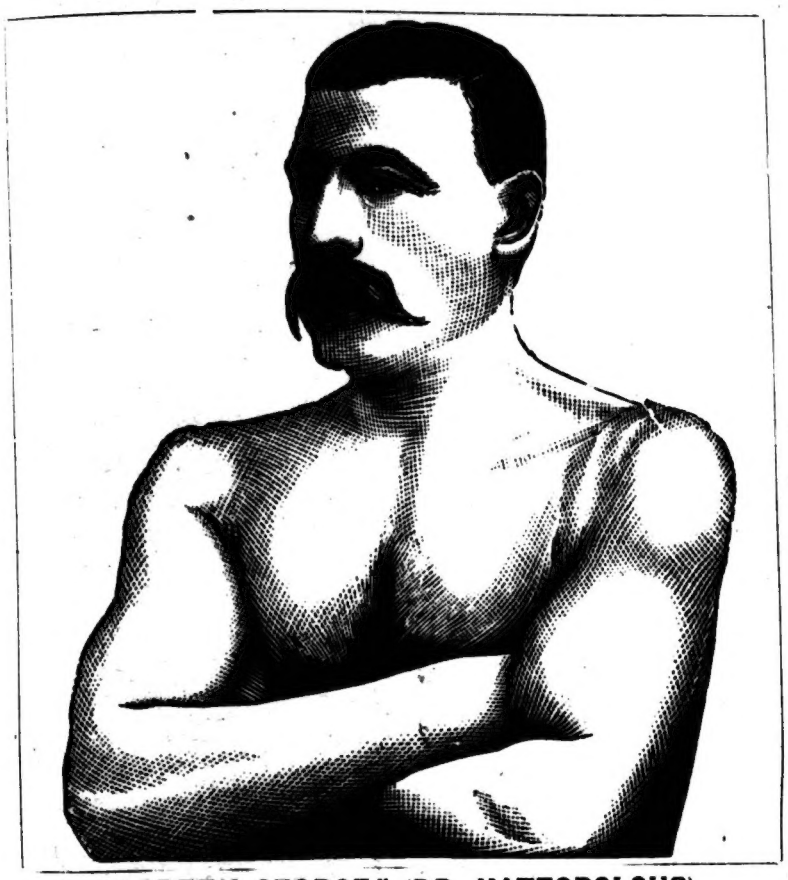
DAVE.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in New York?" "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

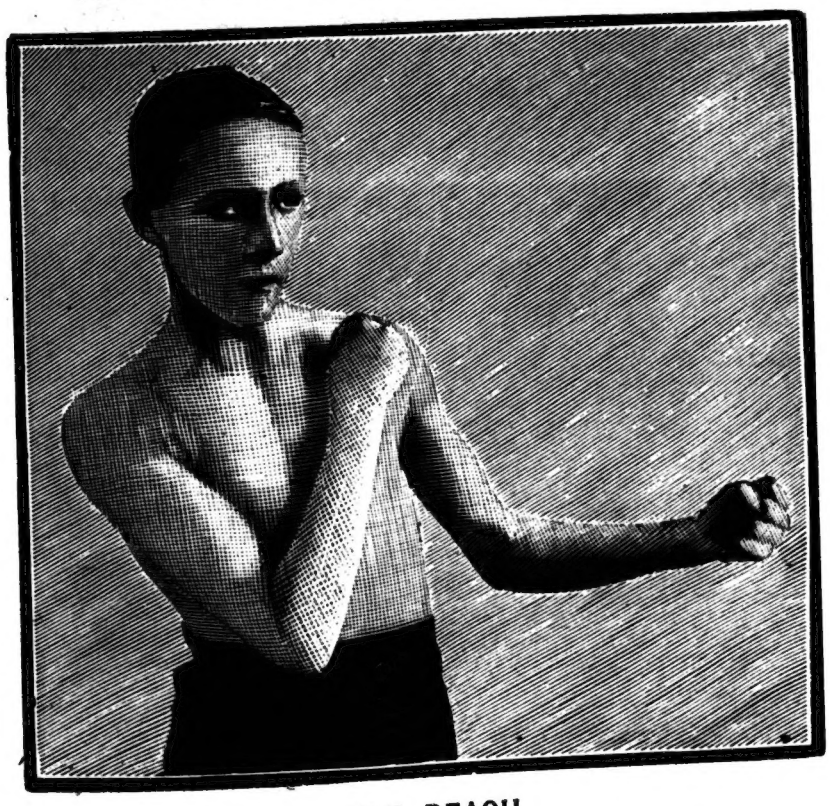
DICK BURGE,

Who Met Jack Scales at the New Palace Club, Westminster, on Friday Evening, February 9.

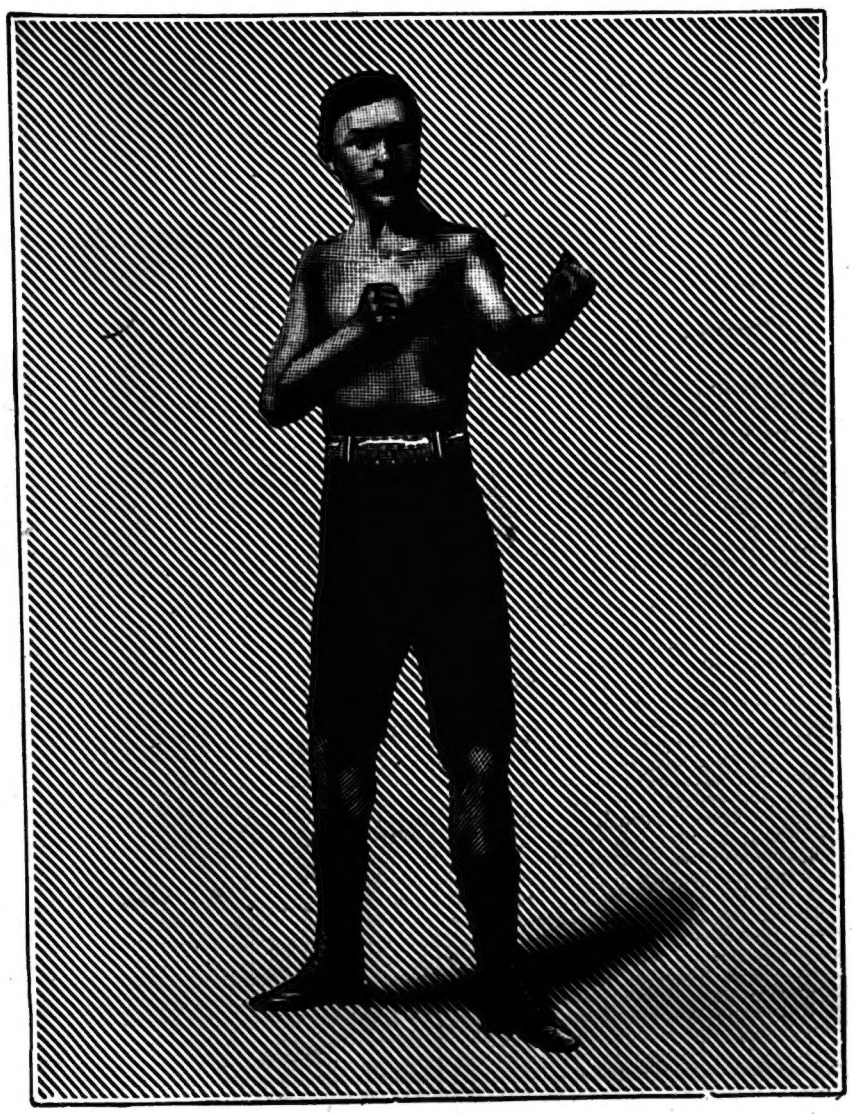


"GREEK GEORGE" (DR. HATZOPOLOUS),
A Medical Man, and a Strong Man.

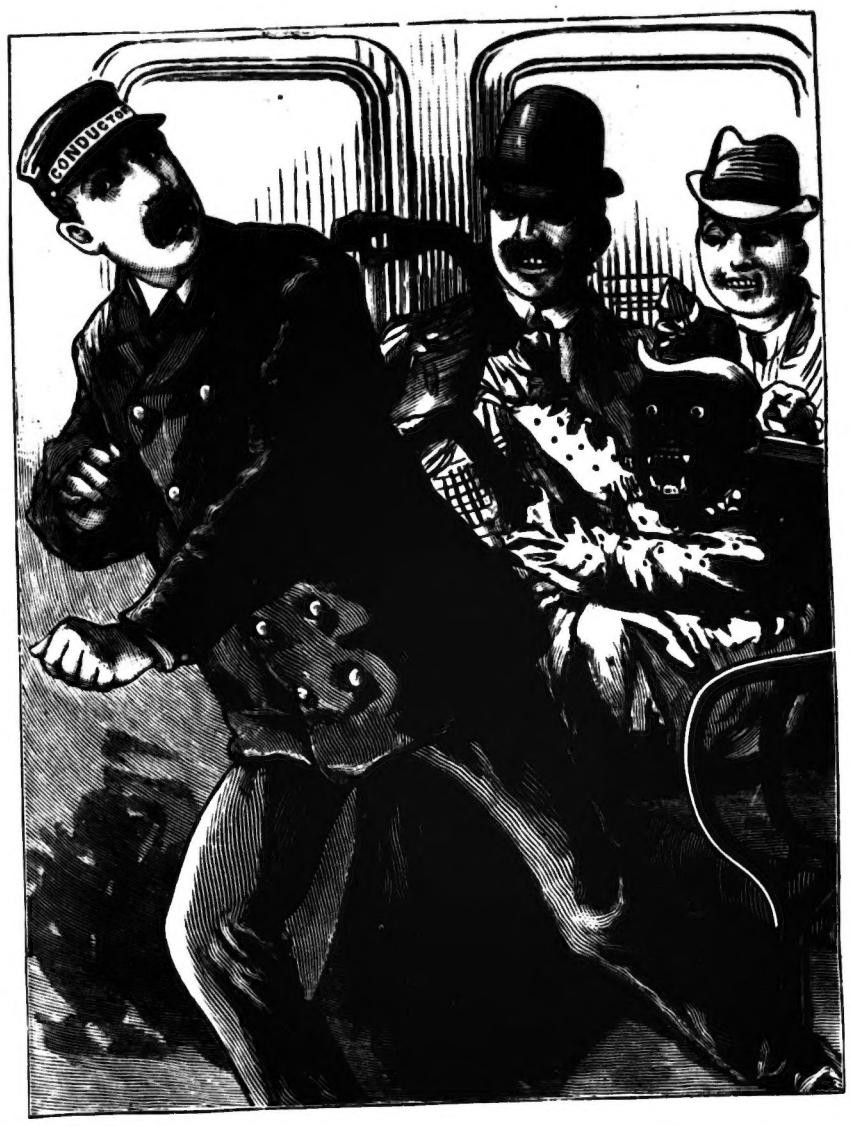
MRS. STEYN,
The Wife of the President of the Orange Free State.



TED BEACH,
Who Met Dave Job at the National Sporting Club, on Monday Evening, February 12.



DAVE JOB,
Of Islington, who Met Ted Beach at the National Sporting Club, Monday, February 12.



VENTRILOQUIST AND HIS DUMMY FIGURE.
The Collector of Fares Receives a Shock.

AN EVENING AT THE CANTERBURY.—The company at the Canterbury is well worth a visit, there being about three and a half hours of a splendid entertainment, quite enough to content the veriest glutton and good enough to satisfy any critic. Kitty Corbett, Sisters Geretti, Will Forest and Lucy King, Jessie Lindsay, the Vernon Troupe, Harry Edson and his extra clever dog "Doc," Joe Elvin, as comical as ever in the laughable sketch, "The Hansom Cabby"; and the popular idol, Vesta Tilley, brought the first part to a close. Our Vesta, as she is called, went down well, and it is surprising how they all love her, causing her after she had finished to re-appear and sing "Algy," when the applause was deafening. Bert Shepherd, the Two Anartos, the Glenserettis Troupe of Acrobats. George Chirgwin, the "White-Eyed Kaffir," has lost none of his quaintness, and during his time on the stage made puns without number, launching a good many at the looking-glass, as you see it when you look at it, at what THE MIRROR OF LIFE, &c., and the Boissets in the pantomime "The Wild West." Among those the following well-known sportsmen were to be seen:—Joe East ("one of the best"), Fred Maynard, George and Fred Wall, Paddy Carr, George Rumsey, "Tricky" Wisdom, Bill Moore, Jack Redall, Jack Bockelman, T. E. Dunville, Alf Fordham, A. Emanuel, Bert Young, R. J. Gedney, Sydney Woolf, Jack Blank (the backer of Jem Williams), and numerous others well known to fame.

BIRD-SINGING AT TOM SYMONDS, Blue Anchor, Church Street, Shoreditch.—This celebrated sporting resort, upstairs room, where the picture gallery of pugilists from the highest to the lowest, including such celebrities as John L. Sullivan, Charley Mitchell, Jake Kilrain, Jem Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Dick Burge, Fred Archer, Jem Smith, Jem Carney, Tom Symonds, besides other American and English celebrities, were seen to advantage on Sunday evening last. The best of order prevailed, and the worthy host must be congratulated as regards the manner in which the various events were decided. Mr. Horner's bird made the highest score on Sunday, February 4. Mr. Bob Smith, of Bethnal Green, officiated as referee. Mr. Tom Symonds presented Mr. Edgar with a handsome tea-pot, and Mr. Edgar in a neat speech thanked Tom. On Sunday, January 28, Mr. Edgar's chaffinch made the highest score—9, 17.

CHILDREN'S DINNERS.—Mr. Jack Bird, proprietor of the George and Dragon, New North Street, Theobalds Road, for the fifth week in succession gave the little ones in the immediate vicinity their weekly feast, which consisted of several joints, vegetables in season, oranges, ginger wine, Christmas puddings, besides the usual select musical entertainment. Last Friday 68 sat down, and having enjoyed the substantial bill of fare, the magic lantern show was much appreciated. Mr. Bird, Mrs. Bird, and Miss Bird worked with their usual vigour, and the worthy host, who is widely known in athletic and boxing circles, wishes it to be known that next Friday will be the sixth and last week, as he has altogether provided dinners for 430 youngsters. This is quite sufficient to prove that Mr. Bird instead of giving Christmas boxes in another way has exercised good judgment, and he wishes to thank the following friends for their support: Mr. Bob Stone, the well-known penciller, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Con Mack, Mrs. Sack, Mrs. Harris, Miss Frances Flynn (pianist), Miss Bumstead, &c., &c.

WRESTLING.—Tom Connors, of Salford, is on the war path. Tom wishes to wrestle any man in the world, 10st, catch-as-catch-can, the winner of the Sam Moore v. Jem Mellors contest preferred. Joe Carroll can be on at 10st 8lb, or Tom Clayton ("Bulldog") can now have his proposed match. Carkeek, to whom Connors would be conceding a couple of stone, can have a match on, Carkeek to wrestle Græco-Roman and Connors catch-as-catch-can.

WRESTLING.—J. Carkeek defeated J. Pohl in a wrestling match on Monday evening at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, by gaining two falls out of three in the Græco-Roman style. The first fall was gained by Carkeek in 12min 20sec. Second fall was to Pohl in 4min. Third fall to Carkeek in 8min.

RECENTLY THERE WAS celebrated at St. John's Church, Hampton Wick, by the Rev. W. W. Archer, the wedding of Bert Vincent, the well-known sport and pigeon exhibitor, to Miss Lottie Burgoine, eldest daughter of the late William Emmerton Burgoine, the well-known sculler.

A MATCH WILL take place on Tuesday, February 20, 1900, at the Fox Hotel, Southwark Bridge Road (proprietor, J. Hammond), between T. Dawson (two hands) and Frank Collins (one hand). 500 up, all in, ivory balls. The saloon is under the management of B. Owen.

SKITTLES.—Jack Lawrance, of the Lads of the Village, Deptford, has matched his potman, George Rogers, to play Bill Higgins, of the Scotch Stores, Whitefriars Street. The first match to be played Wednesday, February 21, the second and concluding game the following Wednesday, at the Nursery Arms, Old Ford. The match is for a tenner a-side.

CRUFT'S ANNUAL DOG SHOW AT the Agricultural Hall, Islington.—We learn that an enormous entry, amounting to 3,000, has been secured by Mr. Charles Cruft for his great annual dog show, which commences to-day (Wednesday), and continues open over Thursday and Friday.

BILLIARDS.—There will be a merry meeting of cueists at the Fox Hotel, Southwark, on February 14 (to-night), when Host Jack Hammond plays Mr. Clapshaw 250 up for a trophy and a supper. It is needless to add that there will be a big gathering of sports, as Jack is so respected. "Caustic" will represent the pink and black MIRROR.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, February 3, 1900.

EDITOR THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

THE charge made by Bob Fitzsimmons that he was drugged in the fight with Jem Jeffries at Coney Island last June was generally pooh-poohed by the local sports yesterday. Many of those who held the ex-champion in high esteem and admired him from the manly way in which he has since extolled Jeffries's abilities as a pugilist, and the fact that the day after the fight he declared he was beaten on the level, could not help but manifest surprise and wonder at the accusation of the ex-champion at such a late day. Whatever friends he made by the stand he took the day following the battle have been lost to him now, if the tenor of the remarks expressed by the patrons of boxing yesterday counts for anything. If Fitz meant to convey the impression that he made the charges simply to entice his conqueror into another match he has failed. Al Smith, who has been quite an admirer of the lanky fighter, was much amused over Fitz's statement. He said: "The only drug I saw in the fight was Jeffries. He carried the sleeping potion in his left hand, and when Bob's jaw collided with it in the second round he was convinced that it was an adequate cure for insomnia. Such accusations will not do Fitz any good. It appears to me that he is sore because Jeffries beat him. If he is adopting this course to inveigle him into another match he is not going about it in the proper way. I always admired Fitz as a great fighter, but he will lose a lot of friends unless he admits that he is only joking. I knew that this charge was coming right along. Someone jollied him into the belief that he was drugged, and he believed it and came out with the yarn. Jeffries, I think, can whip him any day in the week." Jem Wakely said, "I am surprised that Fitz should make such a crack. He ought to know better. He was whipped fairly, and Jeffries is the only man responsible for his downfall. He caught him right in the second round, and the punch dazed him. That's all there is to it." Brady pronounced the charge as the veriest nonsense. He said, "Fitz was not drugged, but he was slugged. Maybe he has got the two words confounded. He signed to fight on a basis of 65 per cent., win or lose, and I gave in because I knew I had the future champion. Now, if Fitz will sign a new contract on the same terms as he demanded from us Jeffries will fight him, win or lose with Corbett, and I will draw up articles of agreement and sign them to-morrow if necessary. This will give him a chance to show if he did not get whipped on the level." John L. Sullivan seemed to think that Fitz did not show his best form against Jeffries. He said: "If Fitz wasn't drugged there was certainly something the matter with him. If I were Jeffries I would give him another fight, winner to take all, as Fitz is willing. When I was in the business no one made the crack to me, because they knew I would 'cop' it quickly." Tom O'Rourke thought that Fitz was "joshing," and was anxious to hear himself talk. "Jeffries whipped him on the square," he remarked, "and can do it again. What's more, Sharkey can do it quicker." Tom Sharkey, who is in town, was surprised over what Fitzsimmons had said. "I have two matches on hand, one with Joe Choynski, and the other with Joe Goddard. Both are to be settled within five weeks. If Fitz will agree to meet me I'll fight him, winner to take all, for 5,000dols a-side. He can have a match inside of two months, too. He was drugged all right, but Jeffries's left did the drugging, I'm thinking." Martin Julian, the man who was Bob Fitzsimmons's backer and manager when that pugilist went down to defeat before Jem Jeffries, positively denies that the big Cornishman was drugged in that battle. Julian takes Fitzsimmons's statement as a personal reflection upon himself. He said: "Bob Fitzsimmons is a liar when he gives out interviews like the one printed. He knows that he was not 'doped,' and also knows that he did not say one word to me during the course of the contest about not knowing whom he was fighting or where he was."

Tommy Ryan, of Syracuse, got the decision over George Lawler, at the Hot Springs, Ark., yesterday afternoon in the thirteenth round of a contest that was to last twenty rounds. Ryan weighed about 160lb, and was 20lb lighter than Lawler. The latter's good condition and advantage in reach saved him from a knockout early in the battle. Lawler fought on the defensive throughout, with the exception of two or three spurts in the ninth and eleventh rounds. In the former he staggered Ryan twice with blows on the face and jaw, and in the latter knocked him down in a break-away, doing, however, no harm. In all the other rounds Lawler was badly punished. In the twelfth the latter appeared groggy, but fought gamely. His blows, however, lacked steam. In the midst of the thirteenth round Referee Mulligan, seeing that the fight was becoming brutal and that there was no chance for Lawler, declared Ryan the winner.

Philip McGovern, brother of the illustrious Terry, is about to shine on the turf. He was taken into the fold of Philip Dwyer last Monday, and reports from the track predict his début as a jockey within a short time, probably in the spring. Young McGovern is only thirteen years old and his weight is only 50lb. Notwithstanding this he is as sturdy as his champion brother, and as a fighter his reputation was made months ago. During the Brooklyn trolley strike last July the lad was a figure in the strikers' quarters in South Brooklyn. The lad loves horses and frequently found his way on foot to the Sheepshead Bay track "just to see them run." One of the stable boys in Mr. Dwyer's employ spoke for him, and Philip was recruited as a stable boy. The stable hands and jockeys are particularly fond of him, and predict as brilliant a career on the turf for him as his brother has attained in the ring. Terry is particularly proud of his little brother, and said yesterday: "He is going to make a fine jockey. He's a better scrapper than a rider though. The life of a jockey is more conducive to good conduct than that of a prize-fighter, and I am glad he has chosen the better of the two. But my brother Hugh, who is sixteen years old, is the best of us all. He's a clean and clever business man. He owns his own horse and wagon, and has his own business. He earns sometimes 25dols. a day, and banks it, too. He'll be a great man some day, I hope."

There was a rather unexpected ending to the contest between "Kid" McPartland and Matty Matthews, the two local light-weights, at the Hercules A.C., Brooklyn, Monday night. The battle was to have been for twenty-five rounds, but McPartland was knocked out after the men had been fighting 1min 33sec. McPartland looked to be in great form and was regarded as an almost sure winner. The punch which laid the "Kid" low was so quickly and accurately dealt that few of the sports realised how it was done. The briefness of the struggle did not please the large crowd present and the management put on an extra bout between two local feather-weights, Tony Moran, of New York, and Pete Burke, of Brooklyn, for ten rounds at catch-weights. The result was a draw. In the preliminary bout of twelve rounds at catch-weights between Dick Moore, of St. Paul, and Jack Collier, of Far Rockaway, the decision was also a draw.

Dave Sullivan, of New York, was given the decision over Jack Hamilton at the end of a fierce twenty-five rounds contest by Referee Tim Hurst, at the Manhattan Athletic Club, at Troy, on Tuesday night. The weight was 124lb. Hamilton did most of the leading, and many of the spectators thought a draw would have been a better decision. Sullivan's left eye was damaged early in the fight and it bothered him toward the close. He was the fresher of the two at the end, however. A slight scratch under Hamilton's right eye was his only damage. Both scored knockdowns early in the fight, and once in the twenty-second round Sullivan took the full count. Jack O'Connell (Young Sharkey), of Boston, knocked out Tom Dore, of Hudson, in the ninth round of the preliminary.

Fighting to a finish is practically what is allowed by the new boxing law of California. While the sections state that all fights must be limited-round affairs, yet no given number of rounds is set, so that little difficulty will be encountered in arranging a fight for as many rounds as the club officials see fit, or for a number which will be so long that one or the other pugilist is sure to be given his quietus ere the limit is reached. But there is one provision of the law which is considered a good one, and that is—taxing the clubs 1,000dols a year. This will not in any way deter would-be club managers from taking out licenses, for they are sure to recompense themselves in the long run. Already two clubs in San Francisco have taken out licenses and will be known as the Columbia and National clubs, and I understand Corbett and Jeffries will have their contest decided in April next at one or the other of the above-named clubs.

Another victim fell before Champion Terry McGovern on Monday night in the person of Jack Ward, the game and hard-hitting light-weight of Baltimore. McGovern's reign of terror lasted 2min 5sec. Ward was wafted to slumber under the weight of a sharp, short, half-hook blow from the right, the jolt landing on the victim's jaw. Ward fell face downward and writhed half unconscious as Referee Al Herford counted him out. McGovern smothered his man under a fusillade of body blows that played a grewsome symphony of chugs and thuds, the terrible right which settled Dixon doing the bulk of the execution.

At Buffalo, on Monday eve, after twenty-five fast rounds of fighting, Eddie Connelly, of New Brunswick, and Wilmington Jack Daly were no nearer a decision than at the start, and Referee McBride was compelled to declare a draw. Connelly fought a hard and aggressive battle, giving more punishment than he took, but Daly was his superior in science, and was strong and eager at the close. Daly's eye was badly cut in the eighteenth round, but at no other time was either man in danger. It is probable that the men will meet again, as Erne had agreed to fight the winner at a Buffalo clubhouse.

Champion Jem Jeffries leaves town to-day for Hot Springs, where he will begin a course of light training for his coming battle with Jem Corbett. Jeffries says he will remain at the Springs three weeks, and will then return East and take up hard training at his old quarters in Allenhurst, N.J. Jeffries looks well, and expressed the opinion that he will beat Corbett quickly. After this battle, he says, he will go to Paris, where a match between him and Sharkey may be decided.

Frank Erne weighed in at the Broadway A.C. last night at nine o'clock and received 250dols as Jack O'Brien's forfeit. The whole amount deposited was 500dols, the other 250dols going to the club. Erne was in the best of condition, and tipped the beam at 135lb. He seemed to be disappointed because O'Brien was not on hand. The light-weight champion said that he will keep on training for a while so as to be ready to meet the winner of the Gans-Sullivan fight.

Jem Hall, the Australian heavy-weight, and Tommy Dixon, an Illinois heavy-weight, fought twenty rounds to a draw on Monday night at the Lucier Opera House, Murphysboro', Illinois. Hall had a decided advantage in the earlier rounds, but Dixon evened up matters before the close of the bout.

The steamship St. Louis, which sailed for Southampton on Wednesday, had on board Harry Elkes, the middle-distance bicycle champion of America, and his father; Arthur W. Ross, the boy who won the Irvington-Milburn road race last Decoration Day, and who is considered by many to be as good as Elkes following pace; Tom Masselli, Henri Meyers, and George Banker. This party is the vanguard of the small army of American wheelmen which will soon invade France for the races at the Paris Exposition. Another party will sail the latter part of this month. Among them will be Zimmerman. In March Champion Tom Cooper, Earl Kiser, and Eddie Bald will sail. Six-day Champion Charles Miller and Amateur Champion Frank Kramer will sail about the same time. It looks as if the cycling season will be a quiet one in America this year.

THE TATTLER.

HARRY FORD and Miss Nellie Navette are appearing at Gatti's (both halls). Some up-to-date pictures are also being shown at both places.

A FREE GIFT.

If you wish the best medical work published, with Coloured Lithograph Illustrations, send One Penny Stamp to

GEO. E. MEYRICK,

172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.,

and a copy of

DR. KAUFMANN ON DISEASE,

Its Causes and Home Cure,

will be forwarded by return post free of charge.

Don't Neglect this Offer.

ADVT.

"MIRROR OF LIFE" LESSONS IN BOXING FOR BOYS.

(Concluded).

SIXTH LESSON.

DANGERS TO BE AVOIDED.

SUPPLEMENTARY POINTS.

GENERAL ADVICE.

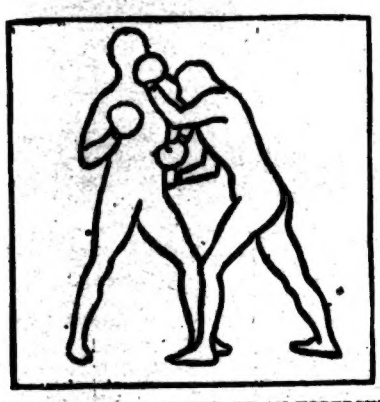
(COPYRIGHT.)

THE easiest thing in all boxing is the faculty for making mistakes. A blunder persisted in will become so much a habit as to spoil your whole boxing.

For instance, I know a man who might be among our best fighters to-day but for one fault: in his eagerness to get out of the way quickly after delivering a blow he fell into a way of "snapping back." Snapping back is leading for an opponent, and then jerking back the arm before the blow has had a chance to land, this has marred many a fine boxer. His best blows thus fall short, simply because he himself will not allow them to land with full force, but instinctively checks them.

Now this often has its rise in a form of timidity—a desire to hit an opponent, yet fearing the other's return blow.

Now this is wrong. Of course you ought



FORESTALLING A CLINCH BY AN UPPERCUT.

to try your best to deliver your blow and then get out of reach, but never do it until your blow is fairly landed.

Moreover, don't be afraid of your opponent.

It is all right for you to parry, duck and otherwise avoid his blows, but do this only because you want to outpoint him in skill and not because you are afraid of him.

Don't flinch from blows. In fact, there are many times when it is well to allow your opponent to land on you for the sake of getting a better chance of retaliating with a more skilful or heavier blow.

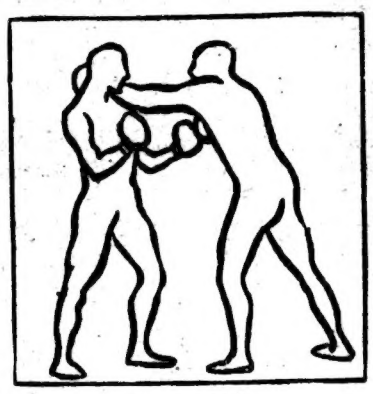
If you are afraid of the possibility of getting slightly hurt you would better not box at all, for I can tell you now you will never succeed at it.

Outsiders have foolish ideas of the pain a blow will cause. But if you are in good athletic condition the average blow will hurt you no more than would a feather. The worst it can do is to give you a nose bleed, and a nose bleed is often a good thing for a man. It certainly cannot harm him.

That is where boxing teaches you courage. A man who can stand up unflinchingly before a good boxer, giving and taking blows, will acquire pluck that will help him in other walks of life.

When you have boxed long enough with your sparring partner to become somewhat proficient, begin sparring now and then with some man who is a better boxer than yourself. This will teach you new points and accustom you to guarding against all styles of attack. For each boxer has a style of his own; and after you master the rudiments it will do you good to box with a number of other people beside the one boy whose style you are accustomed to.

As I say, each boxer has his especial style. My own way is to keep attacking my opponent constantly, trying to keep him from forming or executing any plan of attack against me. Aggression is often the best sort of defence. I never swing, but confine myself to straight blows. I keep my feet going constantly, rushing, retreating, side-stepping, &c.



"SLIPPING."

In a fight I generally attack my opponent from the waist up; in other words, I begin hammering at him just above the belt, and work upward toward the face until I find his weakest spot, and then I bang away at that until I get him groggy or prepare him for a blow that will put him to sleep.

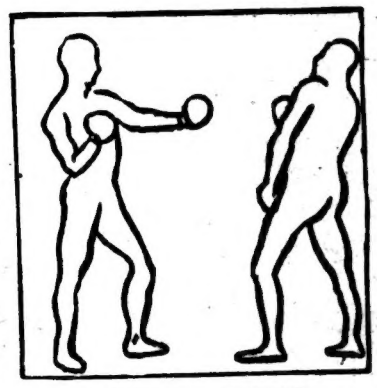
When you become a fairly good boxer you can find out by experience what form of guard, attack, &c., is best suited to you. Until then stick to the set rules I have given you, and work faithfully at them and at the gymnasium exercises.

Exercising many hours one day and then no more for a week is worse than useless. Never shirk your daily routine of exercise that I have described. Go through it conscientiously, and in the course of a month or so you will find you feel uncomfortable if you omit it. Nothing else in life gives a man the self-assurance and the sense of security that is imparted by the fact that he is in splendid physical condition, and that he understands how to defend himself in case he gets into an altercation.

When you have worked long enough to make your daily exercise easy for you there is another item that you may add if you care to. During the last half or three-quarters of a mile of your long daily walk you may run. Don't go as fast as you can, but at an easy, fairly rapid pace, and then sprint for the last 100 yards.

Begin by running a quarter mile, and gradually increase it until you get up to three-quarters of a mile.

Be very careful not to stand or sit in a draught while heated from exercise. Let the gymnasium be well ventilated, but avoid draughts and don't let yourself get cool too



GETTING OUT OF REACH.

suddenly. It is better to endure a little discomfort while cooling off than to risk pneumonia or rheumatism.

Rest on Sunday. Your body needs at least one day a week to recuperate after the week-day training. Six days a week is ample for all exercise.

If you have not time enough in your early morning exercise to use the dumbbells use them for ten minutes after the punching-bag work is over during your afternoon exercise.

A man who gets used to sparring rapidly with the punching-bag will usually find he takes naturally to real boxing.

Watch others box. It will improve your style.

In ordinary quick sparring, rest the weight of the body mainly on the ball of the left foot. This not only makes you quicker, but adds to the weight of your blows.

Remember, too, that your brain is an important factor in boxing. Plan out your next move when you can, but let your actions be largely guided by those of your opponent, and be quick to see an opening for a blow.

When you hit, hit out from the shoulder; don't jab weakly at an opponent. Go lightly in a friendly bout, but always hit in such a manner that you could, if you chose to, make the blow tell.

Feinting is a useful trick in boxing. It consists in leading your opponent to think you are going to do one thing when in reality you intend to do another. For instance, start to lead for his face with the left. Up goes his right arm to guard his face. This leaves his heart unprotected, and you can land on it with your right. Quickness is, of course, necessary, as your right-hand blow must be landed before he has time to find out that your left-hand blow is not really going as far as his face.

Or again, pretend to strike for the wind with your left; your opponent may drop his guard to parry the blow, then suddenly change the direction of your hand and hit his unprotected face.

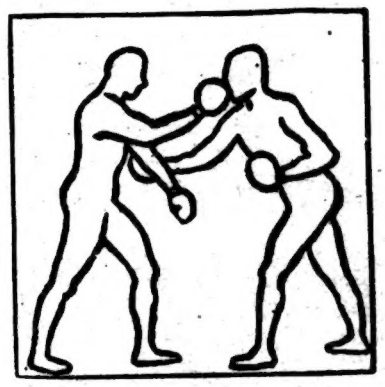
There are scores of such feints, any of which you can quickly plan out for yourself. Be careful, however, not to be deceived by your opponent's feints.

Now take off the gloves, shake hands with me, and say good-bye.

It has been a pleasure to me to give you these lessons, and I know you will obey all my advice faithfully. If you do I prophesy you will in time become a good boxer and a splendidly developed man.

Don't get discouraged whatever you do. You can't learn to box in a day any more than you could learn the whole arithmetic in that time. Like all useful things, it requires long, faithful practice.

Practice in that fashion and there is no



FACE COUNTER FOR A HEART BLOW.

doubt as to the result.

HARRY WARE.

Who Met Billy Plimmer at the Stalybridge Athletic Club, February 12.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY WARE, who some time since challenged England at 7st 8lb, was responded to by Johnny Thomas, of Leather Lane, and subsequently Ware won. Harry Ware has been defeated by Jack Mitchell, Harry Paul, Jem Williams, Harry Ashley, Alf Green, and Arthur Lamb; but in contradistinction to this Harry Ware has defeated the following:—Amos Phippen, Jack Christain, Box Laxton, jun. (twice), "Jumbo" Nicholls, Joe Truttle, Mike Casey (fought draw with Harry Paul), Tom Jordan, Bill Hullett, "Nimble" White (three times), Ted Gorrie, Ted Goodson, Harry Ashley (twice), Dave Job (three times); won 7st competition at N.S.C.; beat Bill Hullett; beat Barney Lawson in first bout of 7st 4lb competition at N.S.C., which was won by Walter Croot; beat J. Thomas; won 7st competition at the N.S.C.; beat Johnny Thomas, 10rds; beat Harry Paul; beat Arthur Lamb, 8rds; beat Jem Williams, 20rds; met Billy Plimmer, February 12, and defeated him in 20rds.

DAVE JOB, OF ISLINGTON.

Who Met Ted Beach at the National Sporting Club, Monday, February 12.

(With Portrait.)

DAVE JOB was at one time considered by the Islingtonians a champion at his weight. The lad, however, has figured more in competitions than in matches. Dave first came into prominence in a 7st 6lb competition at the National, when he met Harry Ware and suffered defeat. Dave showed good form in an encounter at Newmarket. Dave again met Harry Ware at the N.S.C., and was defeated after a close affair. Beat Jack Wheal, of Hull, in 8rds; beat Jack Maloney, 3rds; beat Ernest Brady, 7rds; beat Jack Guyon, 14rds; met Ted Beach, at the N.S.C., February 12, and defeated him in 12rds.

DICK BURGE,

Who Met Jack Scales at the New Palace Club, Westminster, on Friday Evening, February 9.

(With Portrait.)

DICK BURGE was born in Cheltenham, England, December 19, 1865. Height, 5ft 7½in. He has fought a draw with Johnny Robinson, 12rds; he has beaten R. Smith, of Birmingham; L. Lowe, of Newcastle; Bob Foster, of Newcastle; Felix Scott, of Liverpool; Frank Howson; Jem Carney (on foul), 11rds; Lachie Thompson, 2rds; Harry Nickless, 28rds; Tom Williams, 4rds; beaten by Ben Seth, 6rds; Frank Howson, 2rds; Anthony Diamond, 12rds; Ted Pritchard, 2rds; Jem Smith, 9rds; George ("Kid") Lavigne, 17rds; fought a draw with Eddie Connolly, 10rds; beaten by Tom Causer, 7rds; beat Tom Causer, 1rd; met Bobby Dobbs (coloured) at Newcastle, and was defeated in 8rds, Burge refusing to go on; met Jack Scales, February 9, and defeated him in 1rd.

TED BEACH,

Who Met Dave Job at the National Sporting Club on Monday Evening, February 12.

(With Portrait.)

TED BEACH was born at Hollaway in 1874, and is 5ft 3in tall. Beat Bert Gooch, 7rds; beat "Jumbo" Swift, 6rds. Was runner-up to Jemmy Williams in a 6st 10lb competition for a championship belt. Beat Fred Billet, 6rds; won Frank Hinde's 6st 10lb competition, disposing of J. Maloney and Charley Gledhill, contending with a broken arm. Beat Bill Parsons, 6rds. Beat Parsons for a second time in a similar bout. In recent competitions he has been thrice successful, carrying off a 6st 10lb prize and also one at 7st, and gained a victory over Jabez White in the final of Frank Hinde's 6st 12lb competition. Beaten by McDermott, of South Shields, 15rds; beat Harry Brodigan, 20rds; beat Joe Williams, 20rds; met Dave Job at the N.S.C., February 12, and was defeated in 12rds.

TOM SNOW.

Who Met Ginger Owen at the New Adelphi Club, February 8.

(With Portrait.)

TOM SNOW was born in Marylebone, March 23, 1879, and first took to boxing about five years ago. Beat "Nobby" Golding, 8rds; Horace Kaye, 11rds; Bill Springhall, 8rds; Charley Exall, twice, 6rds and 8rds. Fought 6rds draw with Alf Waltham. Beat Billy Nelson, 2rds. Fought 5rds draw with Billy Davies. Beat Jack Murphy, 5rds; Patsey Rourke, 6rds; Harry Connell, 2rds. Won 6st 10lb competition. Won 7st competition. Beat Alec Morgan, 8rds; George Harrison twice. Beaten in the final competition by Jem Williams. Defeated by Jabez White in 6st 12lb competition. Beaten by Jack Walker in 7st 6lb competition. Beaten by Jack Guyon twice, 8rds and 6rds. Beaten by Alf Rosser, 20rds. Beat Frank Exall, 11rds. Beat Ginger Owen, February, 8 in 20rds.

GREEK GEORGE (DR. HATZOPOLOUS).

A Medical Man and a Strong Man.

(With Portrait.)

THIS modern Sampson and Esculapius was recently in the besieged town of Ladysmith attending to the wants of the wounded, from whence he with difficulty escaped—his escape being entirely due to one of the Irish contingent fighting for the Boers recognising him. Greek George, who is a champion wrestler in the various styles—collar and elbow, Græco-Roman, &c.—is a man of remarkable presence, standing as he does 6ft 2in tall, and weighing 186lb. Greek George has marvellous powers of endurance. He will allow any member in the audience to break with a 15lb sledge hammer a granite stone weighing 200lb, reposing either on his head or breast, and he does many other things besides (boxing and weight-lifting especially) too numerous to mention.

BILLY PLIMMER, OF BIRMINGHAM.

A Clever Bantam-Weight who met Harry Ware at the Stalybridge Athletic Club on Monday Evening, February 12.

(With Portrait.)

PLIMMER was born in Birmingham on February 9, 1869, and his height is 5ft 3in. We first made the acquaintance of Plimmer at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster, when in a 7st competition the lad from Birmingham was beaten by Patsy Sheehan. Plimmer has fought draws with "Kid" Hagan, 3rds; Johnny Murphy, 25rds; Jerry Barnett, 8rds; and Billy Whistler, 4rds. His victories are: Jack Shannon, 30rds; Charlie Sallade, 4rds; "Chappie" Moran, 3rds and 8rds; Jack Sweeney, 4rds; Tim Buckley, 4rds; Joe Farrell, 6rds; Jem Brown, 4rds; Sol Phillips, 8rds; Bill Moore, 8rds; Billy Willis, 12rds; Arthur Westley, 13rds; Charles Mansford, 10rds; Arthur Stevens, 15rds; Jem Watson, 4rds; Jack Lynch, 4rds; Matt McCarthy, 2rds; "Spider" Kelly, 10rds; Willie Tucker, 3rds; Joe McGrath, 8rds, 1893; Jack Harding, 2rds; Dan Cleland, 2rds; Joe Murphy, 1rd; George Dixon, 4rds; Joe Tracey, 2rds; Pete Mace, 2rds; Fred Thompson, 2rds; Johnny Van Heest, 3rds; Charlie Kelly, 3rds; George Corfield, 7rds. Beaten by "Pedlar" Palmer, 14rds; beat George Corfield, 20rds; beaten by Sammy Kelly, 20rds; beaten by "Pedlar" Palmer, 17rds; met Harry Ware, February 12, and was defeated in 20rds.

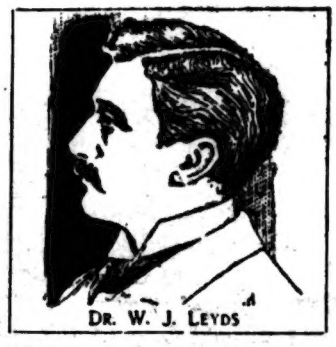
"GINGER" OWEN.

A Little Boxer Who Hails from Bermondsey.

(With Portrait.)

"GINGER" OWEN is eighteen years of age, and although about 5ft 3in, goes to scale at 6st 4lb. He has been successful over Spooner in 6rds, "Ginger" Mallet 4rds, Mason, and was beaten by Bill Pincombe in 8rds. Beaten by Tom Snow at the New Adelphi Club, February 8, in 20rds.

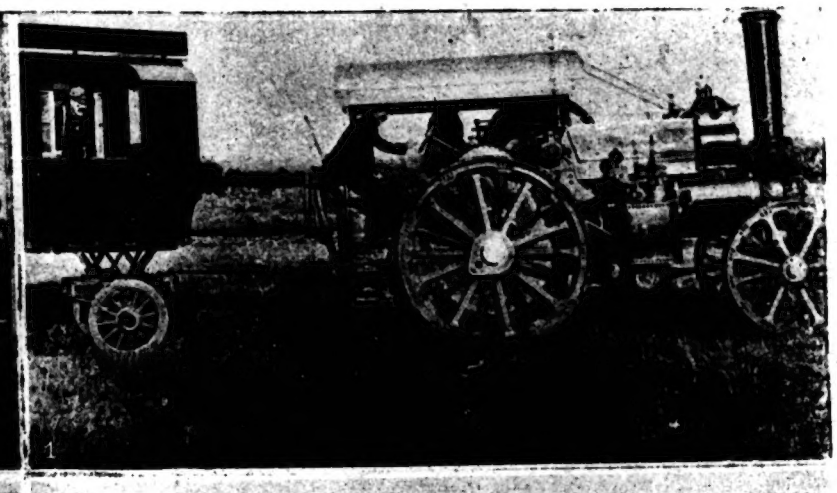
THE LATE JEM W. BUTLER (Black),
Of Liverpool, a Professor of Boxing and Pugilism, who has Brought many Prominent Boxers to the Front.



DR. LEYDS,
The Transvaal Representative now in Europe Conspiring Against British Interests.

MR. FISHER,
The Present Proprietor of the Ballot Box, Horsenden Hill, Harrow, a Well-known Training Resort for Fistic Celebrities.

BILLY PLIMMER,
Of Birmingham, a Clever Bantam-Weight, who Met Harry Ware at the Stalybridge Athletic Club, on Monday Evening, February 12.



WITH THE TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

1. Col. Templer's First Aid at the Cape. 2. The Bay Squadron of the Greys on the March. 3. Hussars Ascending a Kopje.
4. Saving a Fallen Comrade. 5. A Luxury for the Troops. 6. Hussars Dismounted, Slinging Rifles.
7. The 12th Lancers Moving to the Front. 8. Black Watch on the March.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during February:—

FEB. 15.—Grand Boxing Entertainment at the Aldgate Baths (East). Dave Peters v. Harry Neumier, fifteen rounds; Harry Eames v. Alf Barnard, ten rounds; Jack Farley v. Harry Benson, ten rounds; Tom King v. Jack Hennessy, ten rounds; C. Smirke v. Bill Pincombe, eight rounds; also exhibition boxing by the Brothers Pickard.

FEB. 17.—Mr. J. T. Hull's Grand Boxing Entertainment at the Drill Hall, Beresford Street, Woolwich.

FEB. 19.—At the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, Joe Elms v. Ted Phillips, fifteen rounds; also Heavyweight Novices' Competition.

FEB. 19.—Grand boxing entertainment at the Town Hall, High Street, Portobello, Scotland. Billy Merrick v. Willie Baigrie, eight rounds; "Curley" Peterson v. James Laurence, six rounds; also 8st and 9st competitions for handsome gold medals.

FEB. 22.—17th Middlesex Rifle School of Arms Amateur Competitions, Drill Hall, Camden Town.

FEB. 26.—"Pedlar" Palmer and Harry Wright's competition at "Wonderland," Whitechapel.

FEB. 26.—Grand Special Night, 15 rounds *International* Contest, Tommy Hogan, of America, v. Bill Chester, of London; Jewey Cooke v. Dave Barry, fifteen rounds.

FEB. 26.—The Battersea Football Competition, Latchmere Road Baths, Battersea.

FEB. 28.—Grand Benefit to Sam Blakelock at the Palace of Varieties, York Road, Battersea.

FEB. 28.—At the Kensington Boxing Club, a Grand Boxing Entertainment will take place for the benefit of Nat Smith.

BOXING AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

JOB WINS THE 7st 4lb CHAMPIONSHIP.

THERE WAS PLENTY of sport provided with a strong programme at headquarters on Monday, and considerably more than usual in the number of spectators sat the evening through. The chief item on the card was a fifteen rounds contest between a couple of bantams, in which Ted Beach and Dave Job figured as principals as to who should claim the championship at 7st 4lb. Beach was favourite, and being quicker and cleverer than Job, many thought he would naturally stay through the contest and win on points; but he did not box in his usual style or up to his best form, and played into Job's hand by mixing it with a stronger opponent, with the result that at the twelfth meeting Job's body blows told, and Beach fell exhausted and was counted out. Mr. A. F. Bettinson was, as usual, M.C., Mr. Harry Preston referee, with Mr. Eugene Corrie clocking the contest. Details:—

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

BILL NOLAN beat J. KEATING.

Keating made play. Nolan at the second attempt landed the right, but Keating in some two-handed work had none the worst of it. Up for the second round they came to a clinch, and the pair mixed it, Nolan forcing his man through the ropes, Nolan stronger throughout. At the third attempt Nolan led, and after several heavy exchanges Nolan sent his man down twice. Getting Keating on the ropes he darbied his man with left and right. Keating fell and time was called; Keating gave in before the minute's rest expired, and Nolan was declared the winner.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

ALBERT HOLLINGS beat ERNIE HUNT.

Hollings, much taller, used the left on his opponent's dial, and sending in the right Hunt had all the worst of it. Early in the second round Hollings sent the left on the ribs, and at half-arm work had the worst of the deal. The third round opened with Hunt being sent to the ropes, but he put up a plucky show until Hollings laid him out with a right-hand punch, where he remained to be counted out.

SIX ROUNDS CONTESTS.

JOE PARKER beat TOM COOPER.

The first round was very evenly contested, Cooper putting more strength behind his work, but towards the close Parker scored perhaps the most points. Both indulged in quick and close work in the second meeting, it being in favour of Parker. Up for the third time Parker was first on the dial, and had a trifle the best of some hard hitting. In the fourth round Parker was the aggressor, and Cooper tried the right, a busy go. Leaving their seats for the fifth time Cooper had the best of it in the first half of the round, but Parker, being stronger, went well. The last round the pair shook hands, and some quick exchanges ensued. Parker stuck to his man and won with very little to spare.

TED KNIGHT beat BILL EACOTT.

Knight soon had his man in trouble, sending him to the boards twice, and being impetuous nearly committed a foul in being anxious to win quickly. Soon after starting the second round Knight floored his man twice, and the referee stopped the contest, and the verdict went to Knight.

DICK TIDDIMAN beat JEM JACKSON.

Jackson stood wide and a bit tricky, but Tiddiman carefully waited and countered well. Tiddiman's round. Jackson led wildly, and the pair hit in holds, roughing it all over the ring.

In the third round Tiddiman upper-cut his man with the left, and sent him to the boards. In the fourth round the work was of a scrambling kind, and Tiddiman landed on the dial, and both fell in a neutral corner.

The fifth round was all in favour of Tiddiman, who uppercut Jackson with heavy blows, but the latter was game. The last round was again rough, and Tiddiman slipped down. Jackson was used up but stayed on and Tiddiman won.

FIFTEEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

DAVE JOB beat TED BEACH
(Islington) (Wood Green).

Ted Beach entered the ring, attended by his brothers Jack and George, Tom Cronin being bottle-holder. Dave Job had Bob Knott, A. Pike, and Tom Reynolds to assist him. Beach looked a trifle on the fine side, while Job appeared stronger. A lot of feinting, and Job short with the left. Beach went in, but only a clinch resulted. Beach on the body, and Job on the dial—an even round. The second round was started by Beach going in. He nailed one on the ribs, but his foot-work was smarter and he was quicker in his deliveries at close quarters. Beach had the best of the short-arm work. Up for the third round, Job landed on the dial. Beach quickly equalised matters in the same place. Beach the aggressor, but it was anybody's battle so far. The fourth round Beach nailed a couple on the dial, but he travelled fast, keeping Job on the go, the latter playing for the ribs. Beach very clever, and always first in the exchanges. Beach quick, had a lot the best of the exchanges in the fifth round, but Job was stronger, getting on the ribs and dial. Ted landed a swinging right on the ear as the round closed. The sixth round Job went better, and tucked it into his opponent's ribs; but Beach cleverly swung left and right on Job's dial. In the seventh round Beach tried the left and right at outfighting, and had the best of matters. The eighth round, Ted kept trying for a knock-out, and Job paid attention to downstairs, and Beach made use of the ring. Coming up for the ninth round, Job patiently waited, and countered well, Beach being a bit blown. If Beach sent home the right Job retaliated in the same style. The tenth round opened with Job sending in the left, and Beach tricky and clever, but weaker than Job. The eleventh round Beach quickly attacked, but he received a straight left on the dial, and they mixed it, Beach clinching to avoid. Job, stronger a lot, hit harder, but Beach oftener. The twelfth round Job sent several on to the ribs, and Beach fell over exhausted. On rising he tried a swing, missed, and clinched. In the breakaway Job again shot in on the ribs and dial, and Beach fell, and remaining down was counted out. Had Beach kept away he was always cleverer at long range, and lost by pluckily trying to play at the winner's game—hard knocks.

FRANK GESS and Mike Flynn beg to thank Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson; also Miss Groves, Mr. F. Hacher, and Mr. A. Howard for the kindness shown to them during their stay at the Fox and Hounds, Boston, Spa, Yorkshire, while training to fight Sam Parker, of Leeds. Mike Flynn is willing to box Pashley for the purse offered by the New Club at Leeds. He will also have a good side-bet on the result.

GEORGE BAXTER TO GEORGE Haskell.—If Haskell thinks he has a chance, Baxter will meet him when he likes to make a match to box as many rounds as he likes for what amount he cares to box for and the purse that is offered by the New Goodwin Club.

A ONE-ROUND FIGHT.

BURGE V. SCALES.

(Special.)

THESE ONE-ROUND fights surpass our comprehension. Burge is not sans peur et sans reproché, nor more is Charley Mitchell, and when one considers what a hand the Brighton sage has taken in all Dick Burge's matches one is lost in wonderment as to whether this one act drama was rehearsed or whether it was a bonâ-fide spectacle. We have seen so many one-round contests got up for gate and purse money. The first which came under our notice in modern boxing was the contest between two of the best-known light-weights of the period, Jerry Hawkes and George Dove. Both had made big names in the prize ring, and great expectations resulted in Hawkes going down most suspiciously in the first round at Sadler's Wells Theatre before a crowded house. It was on this evening that Bob Habbijam made his début. It was a one-round contest, or rather a one-punch contest, between Tom Causer and Dick Burge at the Bolingbroke; but then it was said Burge gave Causer a solatium to bring him into the ring to win his bets. It was a one-round contest when the "Coffee Cooler" met Frank Slavin, and it was a one-round contest when "Pedlar" Palmer met Terry McGovern. How is it, if Dick Burge set about his man so speedily, and knocked out a clever boxer like Scales as though he were a novice in the first round, he did not do so with Bobby Dobbs at Newcastle? Why, evidently Dick saw that Bobby Dobbs meant business, and knocking out the black fellow was not so easy as it looked. What did Dick Burge do with little "Kid" Lavigne? Why, in one portion of the contest he turned his back to him. Another one-round contest in which Dick Burge was engaged, and in which Charley Mitchell was deeply interested, reminds us of the Scales and Burge fight. This was the contest between the strong footballer and scientific boxer Arthur Akers. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is an old proverb. If a dog or a man has a bad name he is doubted even if he goes straight. Rumour again says Scales has no stomach for fight. Jack was once a corporal in the Elthorne Militia, and having reported one of Owen Sweeney's pals, Owen Sweeney came round to take it out of the corporal, when Scales executed a masterly retreat. That Scales can box when he likes, and possesses a fine left hand, was instanced when he (Scales) sparred with "Pongo," the Norwich black, at the World's Fair. Scales appeared a beaten man as he sat in his corner. We have never seen how a man looks when he is about to be executed, but we should imagine him to look like Scales. Like the schoolboy whistling to keep his courage up Scales whistled. Had the seconds in the opposite corner been attending on Scales instead of Burge perhaps a different story might have been told. Burge has a great fondness for Jack Baldock and Dan McGannon in his corner, but on this evening he had Charley Mitchell, Jack Baldock, and Sam Blakelock. Seeing Scales's evident nervousness they would have advised him, as once Bill Richardson advised Jem Mace on his (Mace's) second contest with Bob Brettle. Had Scales stepped back and rubbed his hands after the preliminary shake he might have pulled himself together and realised the situation; but as it was he had men to second him but no one to advise, and he stepped into the ring like a lamb to the slaughter. No man can conjure better than Dick Burge when he has a mug in front of him. His punching Scales reminded us of the "Cooler" when he met the inebriated Johnny O'Brien. The "Cooler" never fought better in his life. Thus with Dick Burge. On this evening Dick adopted the same tactics as he did with Tom Causer. Dick feinted with the left at the body, and as Scales dropped his hand to guard the mark he left his head exposed, when as quick as lightning Dick uppercut Scales on the chin, the same hit with which Dick O'Brien brought down the "Coffee Cooler" at the Birmingham Club. This was the one punch that decided the fight. After this Scales stood up only to be punched until he took the floor and was counted out; and thus ended this "Great Fight."

THE LATE HARRY BULL ("CHIPPY Norton") and the Corfield v. Slark Contest.—Jemmy The Sweep a notorious sharp, on one occasion had his behind pocket cut off, in which Jemmy had £200. His *amour propre* (self love) was so wounded that, not caring a bit for the money, he exclaimed, "*To think they should have had me!*" When we read of the crowd of "thorough sports" who turned up round poor "Chippy's" grave we were reminded of the above. At the Corfield v. Slark contest "Chippy" backed Corfield for one hundred and ten of the best, and when the verdict was returned "Chippy," in the language of Jemmy, the Sweep, remarked, "*To think they should have had me!*" "Chippy" thought he had been cut up, other people think so too. "Chippy" remarked that he was in very poor circumstances (comparatively) at the time.

FIGHT OUTSIDE THE PALACE CLUB.—Among the spectators outside the Palace Club were some of the worst heads on the racecourse, when one always ready to pick a quarrel began chipping Dave Peters, letting fly a punch at Dave when the latter remonstrated. Coats went off and a first-class knuckle contest ensued, and four or five rounds were fought before the police came upon the scene. Just as the blues made their appearance Dave Peters had his man all but out. Thus the fun of the fair was all outside the Palace Club.

BOXING AT WOOLWICH.

MR. J. T. HULL'S, the well-known boxing caterer, promoted another special night's boxing last Thursday at the well-known resort in Beresford Street, Woolwich. It is not a very easy matter to continually find fresh boxers, but as far as is possible the promoter is continually unearthing fresh material, and maybe a champion or two will be found to regain honours for the old country. The arsenal is now as busy as it is possible to be over the war in South Africa, but the inhabitants are true sportsmen in every sense of the word, and if they are unable to witness battles in which some of their comrades are fighting, they are still willing to see those battles of peace which appeal to them. All, or nearly all, of the combatants had been through the ordeal of fistic warfare, and it is an old saying that two novices always fight better than those more accustomed to the art, and thus it is that when untried men are staged at this establishment they generally fulfil the expectations of the promoter. The first bout staged, eight rounds between Gray and Mann, was stopped at the fourth meeting because the latter had no possible chance of success. The next event was a meeting between White and Herring. After White had looked like a winner the right of his rival got home, and, after being on the boards twice, Herring won. Pepper and Pearson had a fine bout. The latter is a strong youth, and made a fine fight of it, but in the fourth round Pearson retired. It was asking a novice too much to beat such a tried performer as Harry Berry, but he made a fine battle of it, and the verdict went to Berry at the close. Vine and Hill, two inhabitants of the locality, had a splendid fight, both swinging their hands about and hitting where they could, and when they tired went at it again till in the second round Vine won. Tom King took the place of George Cooper in a six rounds contest with Dave Morbin. Morbin was much the more scientific and scored well, content to use the dexter hand and had well won when he received the decision. Emblem and Bridgden were the next pair for a six rounds contest. The last named was the heavier, and after a hard battle the decision went to Bridgden. Brown and Skinner had an eight rounds contest as a wind up. It was a grand finish, and a harder fight could not be seen, both doing their utmost to end it, and the end of an extra hard fight was a victory for Brown. Details.—Eight Rounds Contest: Ben Gray (Bermondsey) beat "Blower" Mann (Plumstead). Four Rounds Trial: George Winters (Rotherhithe) and Ray England (Canning Town).—A very fine showing of the art of self-defence. Both were applauded for their exhibition of the hit, stop, and get away tactics. Eight Rounds Contest: Dan Herring (Billingsgate) beat a much smaller lad—"Nimble" White (Wapping).—During the second meeting Herring sent a half-arm hit on White's jaw, and on rising he was again sent down, and being unable to rise Herring was declared the winner. Eight Rounds Contest: Dick Pepper (Canning Town) beat Pearson, "The Scotch Laddie."—Pepper slowly but surely took a lead, and in the fourth round Pearson held out his hand in token of defeat. Six Rounds Contest: Harry Berry (Stepney) beat Charley Mustard, "Dave Isaac's novice."—Berry knew too much, and scored well. At the end of the sixth round Berry gained the award. Three Rounds Display: Jerry Driscoll (champion of the navy) and Walter Gunn (Plumstead).—An extra grand display, both being recalled at the close. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Vine (Plumstead) beat Fred Hill (Woolwich).—This was a fight. Vine won in the second round. Six Rounds Contest: Dave Morbin, of Walworth, beat Tom King, of Aldgate.—Morbin took a long lead in the first three rounds, and at the finish gained the award. Six Rounds Contest: Charley Bridgden, of Camberwell, beat Jack Emblem, of Walworth. Four Rounds Display: Bill Nolan and Dave Peters, the former showing well against his massive opponent. Eight Rounds Contest: Peter Brown, of Plumstead, Jem Skinner, of H.M.S. Revenge. Both have been training for this contest, and it was fiercely fought out, Brown being the better boxer, and he took a lead on points, but the Revenge man tried to end the bout in quick time, swinging both hands wildly. As far as boxing went, Brown was a long way in the van, having scored extra well. Bar a knock-out, it was impossible to mention the odds on Brown. Skinner forced the pace and had none the worst of the last two rounds, wiping off a little of the arrears, and at the end Brown won.

CONTEST BETWEEN HARRY WARE V. BILLY PLIMMER.

UNSATISFACTORY DECISION OF THE REFEREE.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN Ware and Plimmer, which took place at Jack Haggerty's show on Monday evening, was between brute strength and science, and brute strength received the verdict. Round 1. Plimmer broke ground, Ware slipping to his knees, up in a twinkling. Harry rushed to a clinch, and swung his rival down. Harry reached the side of the head with right, Plimmer replying with a left on the head. Following a long spar Ware got home with the right, but there was little in it when corners were ordered. Round 2. Coming together again, Ware popped a straight left on the nose, and from the fashion in which he pushed Plimmer across the ring it was evident the Cockney was much the stronger. "Let go, Ware," came twice from the referee in succession. Ware upsetting the Brum in a neutral corner. Plimmer shot out his left, but Ware took no notice. Round 3. At the outset Billy swung his right, but Ware rushed to a clinch, and was again cautioned by the referee for his mauling tactics. Plimmer thumped him over the heart, and all the boxing in this round was done by the Midlander. Round 4 opened with a succession of clinches, Ware being roundly hooted by the crowd for his wrestling tactics. Plimmer reached the nose with the left, and just grazed his rival's jaw with a swinging right. Ware placed his left arm round Plimmer's neck, and punched the Brum in the stomach. The men were so often in holds that the referee had to get into the ring and pull them apart. Round 5. Both left their seats with alacrity, Plimmer shooting out his remarkably straight left twice without a reply, chasing his man round the square. Plimmer flattered his supporters when he landed a couple of hard rights on Ware's frontispiece. Round 6. The Londoner had to be cautioned for holding immediately they toed the mark for the sixth time, but breaking clear Plimmer spun his man round with a right on the ear, Ware replying with a nailer on the nose. The referee again entered the ring and cautioned both men, although it must be said that Plimmer had so far boxed scrupulously fair. Round 7. Ware rushed headlong at the outset, Plimmer uppercutting twice with the right. Undaunted, Harry came up, popping his left on the chin, but trying with the right; Plimmer ducked cleverly away. This was the best round so far, honours being easy. Round 8. Ware, acting under orders, came up with the intention of having a fight. He at once rushed and shook the Brum up. In a mix up, Plimmer kept popping out his left, but the blows did not seem to have much effect on the London boy. The boxers were locked together when the gong sounded. Round 9. Toeing the mark again, both led with the left, reaching the forehead. Ware tried again, but Plimmer knocked his hand down, Ware sprawling across the ring. Some hot work followed with mutual advantage, the claret trickling from Plimmer's mouth when the rest was announced. Round 10. The Brum had a drop of brandy in the interval, and both came up looking very fresh. Ware was first to work, shaking the older man up with some stiff body blows, while Plimmer hooked his man cleverly on the side of the head. Some in-fighting terminated the round, Ware slipping down just before the close. Round 11. Both resumed with alacrity, Plimmer whipping a left on the eye, but weaving in the Cockney shot left and right on the side of the head. Swinging the dexter mauley at random, Harry made his rival wince, Plimmer clinching to avoid further trouble. This was Ware's round. Round 12. Full of fight, the Londoner opened by thumping Plimmer on the chest, while he nailed him again on the eye. Boxing at long range, each scored with the left, Plimmer trying might and main without effect to plant his right on the jaw. There was still little in it. Round 13 opened by Ware rushing in and hooking his right on the ear. Billy replied with a straight left, but Ware fairly shook the ex-champion with right and left on the head. Plimmer looked wearied when the whistle blew. Round 14. Strong as a bull, Ware at once got to work, hammering Plimmer with left and right on the head. The Brum ducked cleverly from a deadly right, and, steadying himself, Plimmer, with his piston-rod left, made Harry's head rock. The referee again entered the ring to pull the men apart. Round 15 commenced in quiet style, but Ware dashed and reached the chin. Plimmer put his right on the ear, but the blow did not seem to ruffle Harry, for he at once countered over the heart. The men were once again in holds at the end of the round. Round 16. Ware commenced wrestling, but, breaking from holds, Harry whipped in some half-arm jolts on the jaw, which did the Midlander a deal of harm. Ware also got there twice on the nose. Round 17. Rushing at once, Harry spun the Brum round with a jolt on the jaw. Plimmer got close in, but Ware pushed him away, and with a succession of blows on the body and jaw Billy was sent very groggy. He managed to last out the round, but was spitting blood when he reached his chair. Round 18. The Brum had not fully recovered when he again resumed, and seeing this Ware at once forced the business. Clever as of yore, Billy kept shooting out his left, but there was little strength behind the blows. Pinning his rival against the ropes, Ware got home heavily on the wind, but Plimmer managed to keep going. Round 19. The rest did the Brum a deal of good, and he came up refreshed for the penultimate round. Keeping his left going, Plimmer created great enthusiasm by staggering Ware with a right on the jaw. The Londoner rushed and cornered his man, Plimmer ducking cleverly out of reach. Round 20 and Last. Ware strove for a knock-out, being still as strong as ever. Plimmer kept dabbing his left on the nasal organ, Harry rushing to close quarters to administer the coup de grace. Plimmer cleverly avoided this, and at the close the referee declared Ware the winner on points, the decision not being well received.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWcastle.—The programme at the above on Saturday was a particularly interesting one, for there were introduced new boxers to the ring, and as matters turned out they proved exceedingly clever. The first couple to exhibit their prowess were "Spider" Carr, who is perhaps better known as a trainer of athletes than as a boxer now, and Tim Kelly. The pair can always give a show worth witnessing, and although they at times tickle the risible faculties of the onlookers, they also show much science. J. Griffen and J. Johnson then had three rounds of a vigorous character, whilst Ike Cohen and C. Cox in their display showed that they were not afraid to take or give a stinger. The succeeding pair were J. Tait and Young Capstick, of South Shields, the last named of whom is matched with Young Doyle, of Oldham. The duo were well matched, and gave every satisfaction, if we may judge so from the heartily-expressed admiration of the spectators. "Dido" Vardy and Jack Nelson are a clever couple, and they entertained admirably, and the same remark applies to the performance of J. Hart and J. Haggart. It is not often that Mr. Lowes cares to let a couple box twice in one evening, but on this occasion, by the request of several gentlemen who were not present at the opening of the show, he permitted Tim Kelly and "Spider" Carr to go a trio of rounds, and they once more gained the favours of the spectators. The next and concluding item was a six rounds contest between R. O'Niell, of Gateshead, and H. Aleck, of Santa Cruz, but the last-named showed none of that skill that was his wont, and his opponent easily gained the verdict on points. The winner was seconded by C. Watts and Tom O'Niell, and the loser by "Spider" Carr, C. Cox, and J. Nelson. Next Saturday George Johnson, of Edinburgh, and J. Nelson, of Newcastle, are matched to box eight rounds.

THE FINALS of Con Donovan's competition for the 7st championship belt came off early last week at the St. George's Hall, Westminster Bridge Road, with the following results: Albert Mortimer beat Jem Exall, "Ginger" Mallett beat Bill Male, Frank Exall beat J. Tierman, Harry Slough a bye. Third series: A. Mortimer beat "Ginger" Mallett, Frank Exall beat Harry Slough. Final: Frank Exall beat Albert Mortimer. After a very close shave, in which the merits of the men appeared equal, the judges disagreed, and Bill Higgins, the referee, awarded the verdict to Frank Exall, who was hailed as a 7st champion. Joe Williams, of Rotherham, is out with a challenge to the winner. Six Rounds Contests: "The Dodger" (Lambeth) beat Young Donovan (Bermondsey).—Round 1. A quiet start, and the lads set to work with right as well as left, honours being pretty equally divided at the call of time. Round 2. Donovan led off with a good straight punch, the left being sent in from the shoulder sharp and clever. "The Dodger" stood well up to his work, and the two fought until they were thoroughly exhausted. Round 3. "The Dodger" led and scored fast with the left hand, landing time after time without a return. He did most of the work to the finish of a very good bout. Just before "Time" Donovan fell. He got up, and was again floored, whereupon the contest was stopped by the referee. "Ginger" Dibble (Mile End) beat Jack Haley (Spitalfields).—Round 1. Dibble led, and both showed that they could punch hard and fast, more especially Dibble, who was stronger and heavier. Round 2. A repetition of the last bout. Dibble had much the best of matters from start to finish; Haley pluckily persevered. Round 3. Mostly in favour of Dibble, but Haley ducked cleverly out of danger and finally retired.

TERRY McGOVERN TAKES EDDIE SANTRY'S SCALP.

(Special Report.)

CHICAGO, FEB. 2.—Terry McGovern, of Brooklyn, at Tattersall's last night proved his right to the title of feather-weight championship of the world by knocking out Eddie Santry, of Chicago, who claimed the leadership of the 122-pound class by virtue of a knock-out of Ben Jordan, of England. The knock-out came in the fifth round after a fierce mix-up, in which Santry did some clever work. Terry, however, was too strong for the Chicago lad, and, straightening Santry up with a short-arm jolt to the stomach, landed left and right to the jaw in quick succession, and Santry fell to the floor on his face. Santry got up at the count of ten, but was in such a weakened condition that Referee George Siler declared McGovern the winner to save Santry from further punishment, as he was staggering all over the ring, and would have been out with the next blow.

Santry was slow in the second round for the count, but got up strong, and, in long range fighting, had a shade the advantage, as Terry seemed to be unable to solve Santry's two-handed work. Santry's clever blocking appeared to bother McGovern for a while, as he was unable to reach the stomach with any effect. Santry tried to fight at long range, but Terry persisted in rushing in headlong, taking many a left-hand jab on the nose in his anxiety to land a knockout. In the third Santry made an even break of it, doing some good jabbing, and Terry was unable to get in close enough to use the short arm jolts that have made him famous. In the fourth round Terry commenced playing for the jaw, and after a fierce mix-up, landed a right swing to the jaw which sent Santry to the floor for the count.

The blow weakened Santry, and when he got up he clinched to save himself. On the break Terry started playing for the body, and this time he was able to land, and from then to the end of the fight Santry gradually grew weaker from Terry's pile-driving short-arm jolts. Near the end of the round Santry rallied, and drove his left to the face, but Terry did not appear to mind the blow, and made a headlong rush for Santry, and sent him to the floor with a right to the jaw. Santry tried to keep away in the fifth, but Terry slowed him down with a breath taking blow in the stomach. Santry, seeing he could not escape from McGovern, made a stand in the middle of the ring. Both were swinging wildly, when suddenly Terry uppercut Santry on the jaw. Santry's guard dropped for the smallest fraction of a second, and McGovern whipped the left over to the jaw.

He forced the blow up with a right swing, and caught Santry on the ear as he was falling. Santry fell to the floor on his face and rolled over. At the count of nine he got to his knees and tried to straighten up, but when he reached his feet he was barely able to stand, and the referee gave the fight to McGovern. Santry was unable to leave the ring for fully ten minutes after being counted out. McGovern did not have a mark on him as he left the ring.

The betting before the fight was 2 to 1 that Santry would be knocked out before the end of the sixth round. Round 1. Fiddling without a blow. Santry lands left to the stomach. Santry and McGovern land lefts to the stomach. Terry lands right and left to jaw, then jabs Santry in the stomach. They clinch and fight at close range. McGovern knocks Santry with a left on the jaw, and lands right and left as he rises. Santry lands to the face and they clinch. In a fierce mix-up Santry shows up even. Both land left to jaw and clinch. McGovern knocks Santry down with left and right to jaw at the end of the round. Round 2. Terry lands left to stomach. Santry lands right to the kidneys. Santry jabs Terry in the nose and they mix, both landing right and left to the face. Terry lands his right to the stomach and left to the jaw. Santry lands his right on the ear and they mix it fast. Terry swings and misses, and is jarred with a left on the jaw. Terry leads, but Santry blocks cleverly. Honours are even. Round 3. They clinch. On the break Terry is blocked cleverly. Terry uppercuts, but the blow lacks steam. Santry goes down with a right and left on the jaw, but is up on the count of seven, and Terry lands two body punches. Santry jabs with his left. Terry rushes Santry to the ropes and lands on the body, but Santry beats him off. They are in a clinch at the end. Santry's clever blocking prevents McGovern from using his hands in clinches which have made him famous. Round 4. Terry lands left and right to the stomach, and they clinch. Santry lands left and right to the face, but the blows lack steam. McGovern lands right to the chest and they clinch. McGovern lands a stiff right to the jaw and knocks Santry down with a right on the jaw. He takes the count. In a clinch Santry hangs to save himself. McGovern lands left to the ear and Santry goes to the floor. Santry again takes the limit. Santry lands a right to the jaw, and they are in a clinch when the bell sounds. Round 5. Terry crouches low and tries to bore in, but Santry blocks and lands two rights to the ear and they clinch. McGovern lands left and right to jaw. They clinch. Santry goes to the floor with a right to the ear and again takes the full count. On his rising McGovern uppercuts and they clinch. In a clinch McGovern lands right and left to jaw, and Santry goes to the floor. The referee counts ten and Santry rises, but Siler declares McGovern the winner.

BOXING AT THE NEW ADELPHI.

THE PRINCIPAL ATTRACTION on Thursday evening at the above club was a match between "Ginger" Owen and Tom Snow for a stake of £75. The contest between Snow and Owen may be dismissed in very few words. Had either man the necessary devil very few rounds would have seen the ending of this contest; but as each man was content to swing and play out time, the meeting went its weary length of twenty rounds, with the result that Snow, whose showing was the best, received the verdict. Alf Barnard, of Aldgate, who has no pretension to science, met in Harry Camis, of the Dials, a customer with a left, which was for ever finding its way to Barnard's dial. Vainly did the Jew boy try to get in, but Camis's left kept doing execution the whole of the six rounds, when the verdict went to the native of the Dials. Jem Exall, of Bermondsey, and A. Mortimer, of Upton Park, were two candidates for Donovan's 7st champion belt, when Mortimer proved the winner. Having the spike one against the other, Izzy, to please his patrons, gave the lads a six rounds show. Mortimer, in this event, was never in the running, and Jem Exall won with a bit in hand. In a six rounds contest Jem Kenrick, of Hackney, made a very poor show with Jem Richardson, of Walworth. After a very tame bout Kenrick was returned the winner.

A CHALLENGE TO "DIDO" PLUMB.—Billy Edwards, of Australia, who is now in Yonkers, New York, writes us as follows:—

EDITOR, MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

SIR,—Seeing "Dido" Plumb is out with a challenge to all England at 10st 8lb, I should very much like to meet him at that weight, at any club in England, about the latter end of the season. Failing a reply from Plumb, this is open to anyone in England from 10st 5lb to 10st 10lb. A reply through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will always reach me.

Trusting to hear from some of them shortly, I remain, yours truly,

BILLY EDWARDS.

January 18, 1900.

P.S.—Am sending an account of one of the deals I had here.

The following is the clipping: "Frank Herald refereed the Edwards-Judge fight at the Pelican Club, in Brooklyn, last fall. In the second round Edwards put Judge out beyond a doubt. He was down at least 30sec, but Herald gave him all that to come to. When the fight was some older Judge knocked Edwards down. He hadn't hit the floor before he was counted out and Judge declared the winner. Herald had no hesitancy afterward in saying that they weren't running the club for, or putting up their money on, losers."

JOHN JOHNSTON would like to box Felix Burns, of Greenock, as many rounds as he wishes, if any gentleman will give a purse. A reply through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be attended to.

RODWAYS, OF EBBW VALE, and Dai Phillips, of Swansea, are matched to box twenty rounds in Felix Scott's show, Victoria Road, Ebbw Vale, for £10 a-side and a purse, offered by Scott, on Monday, February 19.

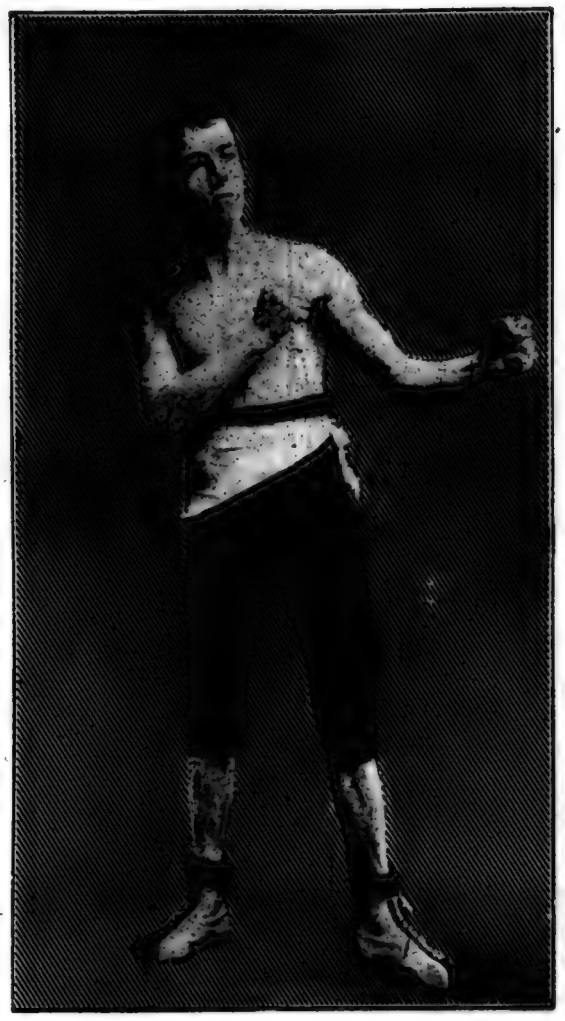
BOXING AT MONTE CARLO.—Harry Benson, of Hackney, and Dick Dean, of Hammersmith, met at 9st 8lb in the presence of a select gathering of International sportsmen. Dean shaped very well, but he had an opponent with whom he was unable to take liberties, and though the men fought for a knock-out, both had to exercise the greatest caution, for, though condition was all in favour of Dean, which ultimately gave him the victory, Benson had always a very useful right in reserve in case of any eventuality, and hit hard enough to show that he was not to be held too cheaply. Both men were loudly applauded at the close of each well-contested round.

KENSINGTON BOXING CLUB.—A grand boxing entertainment will take place for the benefit of Nat Smith, the instructor, on February 28. Particulars in our next.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.—Cooper, of the Stanhope, who ran up to the winner of the bantam-weights, has started training under his old mentor, Harry Webster, assisted by Charley Williams.

BENEFIT TO FRED BAILEY.—On Monday next, by the kind permission of Mr. James Lowes, Fred Bailey (better known as "Captain" Bailey), one of the old school of sports, will take a benefit at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle. In his day the "Captain" was one of the most generous, but he has, like many more, fallen on ill-times. Thus we trust that he will have a bumper house, and he should have, for the programme will be an extensive and enjoyable one, as one and all on Tyneside are giving a help to the affair.

(*Continued on page* 14.)

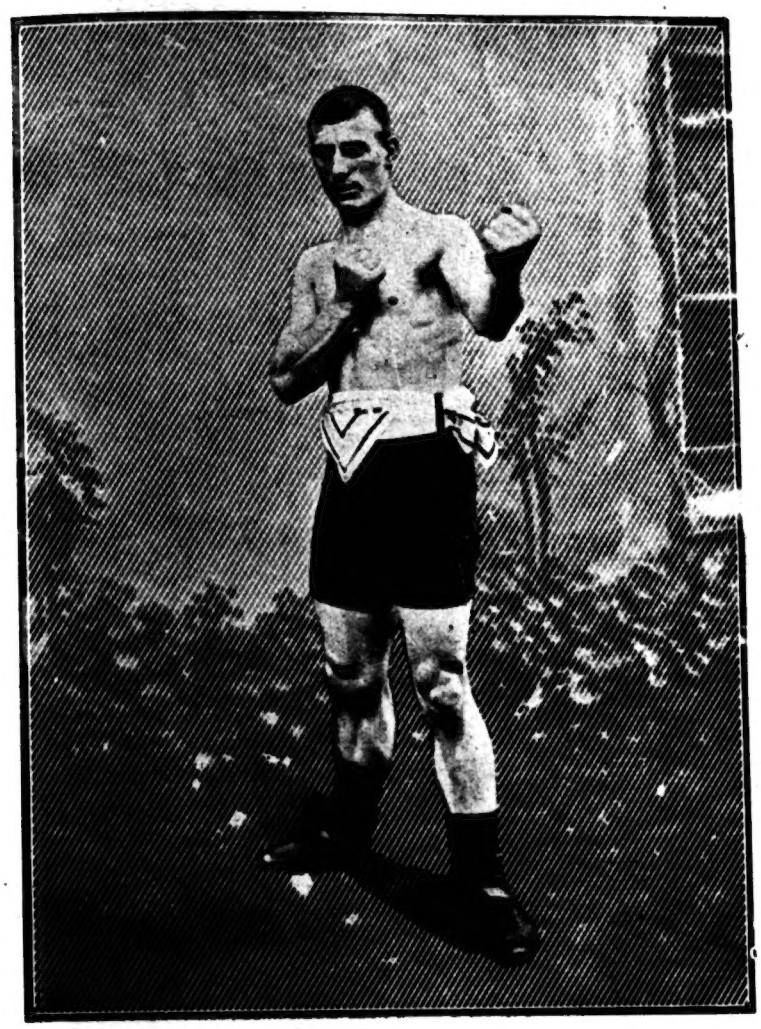


TOM SNOW,
Who Met "Ginger" Owen at the New Adelphi Club, February 8.

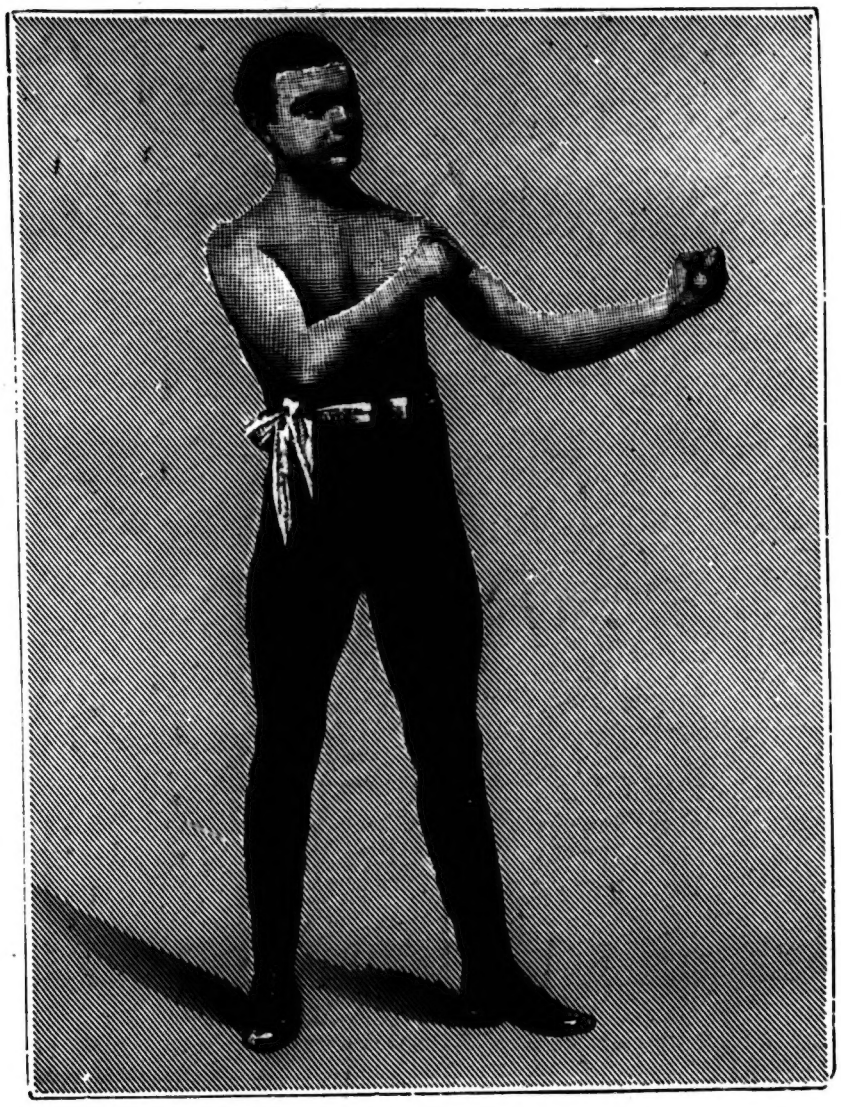
"GINGER" OWEN,
A Little Boxer who Hails from Bermondsey.

AN IMPROMPTU "SCRAP" IN THE OPEN.
Two Women in a Hair-pulling Fight.

LABOUR TROUBLES IN CHICAGO.
Workmen and Police Meet in Conflict.



JACK SCALES,
Who Met Dick Burge, for £200 a-side, at the New Palace Club, on February 9.



HARRY WARE,
Who Met Billy Plimmer at the Stalybridge Athletic Club, February 12.

SHARP FIGHT WITH BOER PATROL AT BARKLY.
The Enemy Retire with Killed and Wounded.

(*Continued from Page* 11.)

BOXING AT THE NEW GOODWIN CLUB.

WHO IS THE "BLOKE" (that is the euphonism adopted by the British mechanic when after a job, enquiring for the "boss") at the New Goodwin Club? Boxers were asked to attend the show last Wednesday night with regard to business engagements, among others, Dave Peters and Harry Lane, with respect to forthcoming boxing shows, but Moss Levy, the manager, informed Peters that no boxers were allowed in, remarking at the same time, "You know it is not my fault." Well, as we said above, if Moss Levy is *not*, who is the "bloke"? The Goodwin Club is not a large one, so we suppose as long as the proprietary can take money the "free list is entirely suspended." A first class bill of fare was put upon the boards, the principal item being a contest between George Slark and Ted Daley. In a ten rounds contest George Eastwick, of Mile End, carried too many guns for Jack Hennessey, of the same district. The bout went through the allotted number of rounds, Eastwick being returned the victor. Bill Lampshire and George Cooper, two Islington lads, fought a fine battle of eight rounds duration, Lampshire just and only just pulling through. George Penney and Jem Wallace are a trifle above the smallweed class who are at the present time so much in evidence. Penney, who hails from Kentish Town, was a bit too clever for Wallace, who hails from St. George's. The six rounds were battled through with great gameness, but Penney was always in front, and won with something to spare. What should have been an eight rounds contest between Guyon, of Clerkenwell, and Kenrick, of Hackney, ended summarily in four rounds, Guyon being the victor. George Slark and Ted Daley.—Daley was favourite at 5 to 4. When the pair faced each other the Holborn youth looked much the taller, although scarcely so sturdy as his opponent. Little time was wasted in sparring, Daley several times getting home on the face with the left without a return. Following his opponent up the Holborn youth scored frequently with both hands, and was a good favourite when "Time" was called. Resuming for the second time Slark commenced aggressive tactics, and getting within measurable distance, banged home both hands on the head with great force. During some half-arm exchanges that ensued Slark was seen to advantage. Both were anxious to resume hostilities, the Holloway youth attempting to bring across his right several times, but upon each occasion was wide of his mark. Daley, boxing in a very cool manner, did some excellent work with both hands, and was quite fresh when the temporary interval arrived. After a brief spar, Slark worked his man into a neutral corner, but his adversary quickly got out of difficulties. Although boxing upon the defensive, Daley used his left hand to good advantage. The fifth meeting was very evenly contested, Daley's body blows appearing to take considerable steam out of his rival's deliveries. The sixth round was very hotly contested, Daley just before the close banging his right home on the jaw, which fairly staggered his man. In the succeeding meeting Daley exhibited considerable cleverness, and more than held his own. Daley slipped down, and before rising his antagonist attempted to lead but was duly cautioned by the referee. Some scrambling work followed, and Ted got home a clip on the chin which steadied his man. The ninth round was of a heavy description, and each in turn took the initiative. In the next three meetings Slark was the aggressor, but met with some smart returns, and twice Daley very nearly brought off a right-hander. The eleventh was of a severe and even character, but in the next Daley did most execution; but later Slark did a lot of good work and retained his advantage. From now until the end the business was of the severest possible description. Daley's cleverness stood him well against the rushes of Slark. At the close the referee was unable to separate them, and a close set-to was declared a draw.

WELSH BOXERS AT THE FRONT.—Dave Peters, of Cardiff, called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE on Thursday to say he will meet Harry Neumier to-morrow (Thursday) at the Aldgate Baths. Dave has two brothers at the front. One may be seen in uniform in a group at Sam Brown's, the Derby Arms. Joe Peters, who is an artilleryman and in the group dressed in khaki, has been in two engagements, the last when Buller tried to get through to Ladysmith. Joe wrote a letter to his mother on the battlefield on a piece of rough paper and pencil. Joe's principal desire was to know how his brother was getting on in the boxing world, and asked him to send THE MIRROR OF LIFE, in which he thought would be the group of which he formed a unit. Joe met Ben Lloyd, the champion boxer of Wales, who had volunteered. Ben had plenty of coin and was doing well.

J. LAVIGNE (unattached), of Glasgow, seeing William Cunningham's challenge in last week's MIRROR OF LIFE, would be pleased to meet him for from £10 upwards. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will lead to business.

AMERICAN CABLE.

WE HAVE RECEIVED the following cablegram from our American correspondent:—

New York, February 10.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE, *London.*

Joe Gans badly defeated "Spike" Sullivan in their contest. When the referee stopped the fight in the fifteenth round Sullivan was helpless and badly beaten. The referee was assaulted by one of Sullivan's seconds.

MARTIN.

MARRIAGE OF WILL CURLEY.—If it had been generally known that Will Curley had to enter the bonds of matrimony on Thursday morning that spacious edifice, St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Newcastle, would certainly have been filled to repletion. But as Will does not care about fuss the ceremony was performed in the presence of a very few of his friends. Nevertheless it leaked out, and others, ardent admirers, were present at the tieing of the nuptial knot. But of his immediate friends there were present only Mr. James Lowes, Martin Nealis and Prof. Lowery. Mr. Frank Black, of the Duke of Buckingham Inn, Newcastle, was best man, and the bride's sister, bridesmaid. The nuptial knot having been tied the party adjourned to the Hexham House, where they were entertained by Mrs. Lowes. Numerous bottles were cracked, and the most genuine of best wishes expressed for the welfare and happiness of Curley and his bride. Harmony was rampant, for Martin Nealis, who has a good voice, sang "Telegraph my Baby," and being encored sang an old cammolis, Charley Colford, the ped, but now mine host of Ye Old Fleece, Gateshead, also sang pleasingly "As Friends We Meet," and then we had a match between Frank Black and Will Curley for a bottle. Frank's excellent effort was "Nora M'Gee," but Willy won with a ditty in which he told us not to forget "The House Half-Way." Of course, the professor was in evidence in the harmony, and he rendered a war song which stirred up the patriotic feelings of the company. The bridal pair and company afterwards journeyed to the home of the bride's father, where the merry-making was continued. It was indeed a merry party, and it is the hope of one and all that Will and his fair bride will live long and have happiness and prosperity.

"DIDO" PLUMB v. AUSTRALIAN Jemmy Ryan.—We are pleased to inform our readers that the above celebrities have come to terms. The management of the National Sporting Club have put up the nice purse of £200, and each man can find backing for £200 more. Harry Hughes, whom we saw at the World's Fair on the evening of the match, is a firm believer in "Dido's" prowess and will back the Kingsland lad if necessary for all he is worth—boxing booth and beautiful boxing paintings. Jemmy Ryan has backers just as sanguine as Harry Hughes. Jemmy is a much older man than "Dido," but Jemmy has one of those cast iron mugs and frames that appear to bid defiance to time. "Dido" Plumb appears fated to be the trial horse for Australians. "Dido's" last opponent was Bill Heffernan, prior to which he met Billy Edwards, of Australia (who, by-the-bye, wishes for a return match). Billy on this occasion had all the best of the deal, and but for the impetuosity of his second and part backer might have won. "We don't want to stop here all night," said the second; "go in and finish him." Now, caution was Edwards's strong point, but yielding to the solicitation Edwards was foolish enough to "chance his right," with the result that he (Edwards) left an opening, and "Dido" being just a bit longer in the reach was first, his blow falling on Edwards's temple and rendering that boxer unconscious for hours. At the preliminary meeting which took place last Wednesday it was arranged that Ryan and Plumb should box the best of fifteen rounds at 11st, the date fixed being March 19.

HARRY BROWN, coloured champion of the North, is prepared to box either Charley Brown or Archie Phillips, of Stamford Hill, twelve rounds at 9st 6lb, give or take 2lb, for the National Sporting Club purse, or Brown will box anyone in Scotland at the same weight, or Pat McDonald at 9st 12lb, and Brown catch-weight, providing a good purse is offered and expenses paid.

GEORGE WILSON, showman, Fair Grounds, St. Helen's, wishes to buy a good second-hand boxing painting.

"JUMBO" SMITH, of Mitcham, will box Harry Grant, of Merton, ten or fifteen rounds if any boxing promoter will give a purse.

BOXER'S DEATH.—In consequence of pressure of police-court business at Bow Street, Mr. De Rutzen adjourned the above until this day (Wednesday) at two o'clock.

FRED FAIRCHILD, of Stratford, will box Tom Buller eight or ten rounds for purse offered by Mr. Phillips at the Aldgate Baths.

C. SMIRKE is open to box Frank Exall the best of twenty rounds for £25 up to £50 a-side and best purse offered. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be attended to.

GUS RUHLIN DEFEATS JACK FINNEGAN.

(Special Report.)

UTICA, N.Y., JANUARY 31.—Gus Ruhlin, the Akron giant, practically knocked out Jack Finnegan, of Pittsburg, at the Genesee Athletic Club to-night before a crowd of 3,000 spectators. The men fought at catch-weights and were scheduled to go twenty rounds. Ruhlin out-weighed his opponent by at least 20lb. Ruhlin looked to be in the pink of condition, while Finnegan looked fat and overweight. Round 1. Ruhlin rushed fight from the sound of the gong and delivered many telling blows without return, flooring Finnegan at the close of the round. Round 2. Finnegan came up strong and started to rush the fighting. He had all the best of this round till he was floored by Ruhlin at the close of the round, taking the full count. Round 3. Ruhlin went for his man at the opening and floored him again. He took the full count to rise. He was very weak, and Ruhlin, with a vicious uppercut, sent him to the floor. The gong saved Finnegan. Round 4. Finnegan came up very groggy and Ruhlin punched him all over the ring, flooring him three times. After 1min 50sec of fast fighting, Finnegan's second jumped into the ring and saved him from a knock-out. Referee Tim Hurst declared Ruhlin the winner. Billy Madden, on behalf of Ruhlin, challenged any man in the world to fight for a suitable purse and a side-bet of 1,000dols to 5,000dols. Jeffries or Sharkey preferred.

BOXING AT PORTSMOUTH.—On Friday last there was a grand tournament at the Landport B.C., under the auspices of the instructor, Charles ("Powder") Simmonds. The proceedings were opened with a three rounds spar between H. Bailey and Barnes. A tame bout, neither showing to advantage. The next pair to take the boards were Jack Jones and Joe Howe, for what was to have been a ten rounds bout, but was brought to an abrupt termination in the second round by Jones hurting his arm. Tovey and Trice then engaged in an exhibition bout. Then came another contest, between Jack Peel, of Portsmouth, and S. Howe, R.N., which was also brought to a summary conclusion by Howe being brought down by a stiff left-hander in the second round. Then followed a four rounds trial between Richard Trout, of Portsmouth, and Joe Ridoutt. This was a very good spar, Ridoutt, who evidently was a stranger to the mittens, being receiver-general. The last, but not least, item on the card was a ten rounds bout between "Powder" Simmonds, of Portsmouth, and Joe Cartright, Royal Navy, which, after a fierce battle, Simmonds well won on points.

BOXING AT WILLINGTON QUAY, North Shields, Monday, February 19.—Prof. Geo Campbell wishes to announce to north of England readers that he holds a competition (10st open) to a radius of four miles from Shields. There will also be a six rounds contest, McCarthy (Jarrow) v. W. Dunne (North Shields); four rounds trial, C. Robson (Newcastle) v. H. O'Brien (Jarrow); exhibition boxing by champions. Seconds, Dick Johnson (Newcastle), and Harry Smith (Birmingham). M.C., Prof. G. Campbell. Referee, Mr. Herbert Mills.

CITY BOXING CLUB, SHEFFIELD.—Pat Hughes v. H. Bailey for £65.—The above club was largely patronised last Monday night by both Rotherham and Sheffield followers, the principal event on the programme being a contest between Pat Hughes and H. Bailey, both of Rotherham, who had signed articles to box the best of twenty rounds of three minutes' duration with 4oz gloves at catch-weight for £25 a-side and a £15 purse given by Mr. T. Garside. Hughes, who had an advantage of 2lb in weight, was seconded by G. Corfield and J. Jones, whilst Bailey was attended by J. Casey, A. Rodgers, Sid Hepworth, and his trainer, Percy Laycock. Both looked in the pink of condition. Hughes held a slight advantage in reach. At the end of the first round there was very little to choose between them. The second round opened in a very cautious manner, but the work gradually got brisker. Bailey sent Hughes to his knees with a straight left, and on coming together again the fighting became far more furious, Hughes having considerably the best of the exchanges. The third meeting proved to be the last. From the outset the pair commenced hitting away in a merry fashion, and after about half the round had expired Hughes worked his opponent to the ropes, where he got home a hard right on the jaw, which put Bailey out of time. Mr. G. M. Wells officiated as referee, and Mr. J. H. Taylor, of the Leeds Gymnasium Club, held the watch.

TED HOLLIER, seeing that Bill Adams is in want of a match, Ike Rollens will box him at 7st, and will meet him at 59, Rosemary Road, Peckham, at 8.30 p.m.

ALBERT MORTIMER, in answer to Joe Tiernan will box him eight rounds if the New Goodwin Club will give a purse.

BILL EASY, of Leyton, will box Joe Hatch six or ten rounds if any boxing promoter will give a purse.

ANGUS GRIFFO is willing to meet Bill Escott for the purse offered by Mr. T. J. Hulls at the next show, Saturday, February 17, at the Drill Hall, Woolwich.

BOXING AT THE TEE-TO-TUM CLUB.

WHY IS BEN HARRIS, M.C. not at his usual pitch? Ben entered on his duties here as though boxing out north was to be the one sport? However, on Monday the pitch once occupied by George Ames, instructor to the above club, with the following results. Six Rounds Contests: Bill Pike (Leytonstone) beat "Ginger" Elliott (Bethnal Green); Bill Hutchison (Tottenham) beat Tom Phillips (Westminster). Eight Rounds Contests: Charles Smirk (Lambeth) beat George Ganney (Mile End); E. Gladding (Wood Green) beat Joe Lancaster (Wood Green); C. Smith (West Green) beat "Jumbo" Nicholls (Tottenham). George Slark (Holloway) and Johnny Thomas (Clerkenwell) wound up the entertainment with a four rounds exhibition spar.

BOXING COMPETITIONS AT YORK.—There was a crowded house at the Corn Exchange, York, last Wednesday night to witness a boxing entertainment, of which the principal feature was a contest for the Heavy-weight Championship of the city. The proceedings were under Marquis of Queensberry rules, and took place in a twenty-four foot ring. They commenced with an exhibition of club swinging, which was followed by a four rounds contest between Uttley and Guilforde, of York. Their display was not of a very high order, nor was that of George Scott, of York, and Romeo, late of Newcastle, who afterwards boxed twelve rounds for a gold medal. There was so little to choose between the latter pair that the referee, Mr. Tom Gamble, of Manchester, declared it a draw. Harry Hawksby and James Birch then fought the best of twenty-five rounds, of three minutes each, for the Heavy-weight Championship of York and £25. Hawksby was giving away quite 2st, but had youth and condition on his side. In the earlier rounds they mixed it up a bit. Afterwards there was a lot of sparring. After the fifteenth round Birch tired perceptibly, and at the conclusion of the nineteenth threw up the sponge.

SOME HEAVY-WEIGHT BLACK Boxers.—Jack Mace, who, it will be remembered, run up into the final of the open 9st at the National, writes that he has captured a fine job as Government engineer at Tarkwa Government railway. Jack has supreme charge of all the steam tugs employed in unloading the cargoes which come from England. Jack's rate of pay is £25 per month, free rations, and quarters, and four months' leave of absence. Mace, whose ideas run on boxing, says there are some splendidly-built black fellows in this district, and he thinks of bringing one or two over and putting them through the mill as boxers. Jack's first and foremost wish is for a MIRROR OF LIFE.

JACK THOROGOOD, of Haggerston, called upon his old friend Harry Carrington at the United Brothers Club on Sunday. Jack will be best remembered by his close "go" with Davenport, the black, in Ben Hyams's affair at the Agricultural Hall; the black got the verdict, so a knuckle go was arranged. This came off at Aldershot in the presence of many officers; it lasted a time, but Jack's hands were too soft for the ebony nut; but as soon as possible Jack turned up at Harry Carrington's hostelry in Haggerston with not a mark. Said Harry, "I thought you were to fight to-day?" "That's right." "Well, what's up? Is it off?" "Off be damned!" "It came off this morning He hasn't hurt me, but I couldn't finish him. Niggers are made of stone." Then Harry and Jack sampled. Thorogood has brought out in his time such good boxers as Tim Buckley, Fred and Charley Mansford, Harry Munro, and others when he was instructor to the Whittington Gymnasium. If any aspirants to boxing fame want a course of lessons Jack, who is fit and well, and works hard, will be pleased with a few pupils. A letter to THE MIRROR OF LIFE will find him.

LABOUR TROUBLES IN CHICAGO.

Workmen and Police Meet in Conflict.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AN affair which might have had a fatal ending, or, for the matter of that, two or three workmen might have met their deaths. Being dissatisfied with their position, a strike was impending, but they were told that the authorities would not allow them to hold a meeting in certain parts of the city. To this order they rebelled, and driving in a car they attempted to hold a meeting. The police, armed with revolvers, threatened to shoot, and the men, armed with large stones, defied them. Fortunately wiser counsels came to their aid to avoid bloodshed.

VALENTINES.

A Fist Full of Beauties for the 14th of February.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ST. VALENTINE is said to have been a bishop who suffered martyrdom A.D. 271, but there are various accounts which give suggestions why lovers' greetings are sent through the post, and St. Martin's Le Grand have to wrestle with over a million missives which are due to St. Valentine.

A SAFE REMEDY.

THE LITTLE "DIAMOND" LIVER PILLS.

This simple and safe remedy is admitted to be the best known for Bilious and Nervous disorders in the following cases. The first dose is sure to give instant relief:—

Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy and Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c.

Why suffer when one dose is known to be effective?

THE LITTLE "DIAMOND" LIVER PILLS.

SICK HEADACHE,

PAINS IN THE STOMACH,

CONSTIPATION, AND

FEMALE AILMENTS.

For a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, and all Disorders of the Liver they act like magic, and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the rosebud of health the whole physical energy of the human frame.

THE LITTLE "DIAMOND" LIVER PILLS.

PREPARED BY

THE LITTLE "DIAMOND" LIVER PILL COMPANY,

68, STANMORE ROAD, WEST GREEN, LONDON.

In boxes of forty, sent securely by post for 1s. 1½d.

Don't delay, but send at once.

[ADVT.]

READER, DO YOU WANT PURE BLOOD, SOUND FLESH, STRONG BONE AND PURE SKIN?

THEN USE NATURE'S GREAT REMEDY,

SULPHUR BITTERS.

DELICATE FEMALES WHO DON'T FEEL WELL, WEAK AND SICKLY CHILDREN.

One bottle will do more good than all the Latin prescriptions of drugs and mineral poisons, which remain in the system, destroying the bones, and make a poor, weak, broken-down invalid. There is no calomel or mercury in SULPHUR BITTERS.

THE AGED AND TOTTERING

will find SULPHUR BITTERS a wonderful invigorant, giving strength to their tottering footsteps, and enabling them to enjoy life, as they have not done before for years. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best family medicine made, and no household is complete without it.

This remedy will drive from the system every kind of humour.
One or two bottles will cure the worst cases of sick headache.
One bottle will remove that tired and all-gone feeling.
Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
Two to five bottles will stop premature decay, and fully restore physical manhood when shattered or lost by youthful indiscretions.
Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, blotches, and sores. Keep the blood pure, and health will follow. SULPHUR BITTERS, the great blood purifier, will cleanse the blood of all vitiated matter, and instead of pale, thin blood, by using this great remedy your blood will soon course freely, pure, rich, and strong through the veins.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

Have you pains in the back? Are you always weary and tired? Do you sometimes feel cold creeping shivers up the small of your back? It is kidney trouble. Do not delay. SULPHUR BITTERS will remove every bad feeling and make you feel well and strong. Do you raise wind? Do you feel dull and oppressed? Have you gnawing pain after eating? Are you irritable and easily angered? It is dyspepsia and indigestion. SULPHUR BITTERS is a sure and speedy cure, performing its work thoroughly. It will make you feel like a new man or woman in a week. Are you troubled with costiveness? Are you dizzy when you bend down and raise yourself again? Do you see all the colours floating before your eyes? Your liver is out of order. SULPHUR BITTERS is an immediate and certain cure. Is your nervous system broken and unstrung? Do you feel miserable all over? Do you feel it a trouble to attend to your every-day affairs? Do you find it difficult to think clearly and steadily? You are in a very dangerous state—but have courage. SULPHUR BITTERS is the very thing needed to make you well and strong. Do not think that these are idle words. Examine yourself closely. Be convinced, for your own sake. Use SULPHUR BITTERS freely. Your reward will be

GOOD HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

Single Bottles, 4s. 6d.; Half-Dozen, 24s.

DR. KAUFMANN'S VEGETABLE PILLS for Costiveness, Sick Headache, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, and General Debility. Price 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

DR. KAUFMANN'S SULPHUR POROUS PLASTERS for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, &c. Price 1s. 1½d. each.

DR. KAUFMANN'S COUGH DESTROYER for Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all Lung Diseases. Price 4s. per bottle.

NOTICE.

To all who cannot obtain DR. KAUFMANN'S SULPHUR BITTERS or any of the above Medicines where they reside please address—

MESSRS. BARCLAY AND SONS, LIMITED.

95, FARRINGDON STREET

LONDON, E.C.

[ADVT.

FAMOUS ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

CABINET PHOTOS of Robinson, Bradford, T. Loates, Rickaby, Madden, C. Wood, Allsopp, F. Pratt, J. Watts, Finlay, Tod Sloan, &c.

PRICE 1s. EACH, post free.

Address: **MIRROR OF LIFE Co., Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London.**

BOXING GLOVES.

	s.	d.
The Improved **"CHAMPION,"** made from finest brown kid, with gold tan palms; per set of four	17	0
Gold Cape, strong leather, palms ventilated, stuffed with hair; per set of four	13	6
The **"FITZ,"** very superior, ventilated, laced wrists, 6 ozs.; per set of four	18	0
Ditto 8 ozs.; per set of four	22	0

PUNCHING BALLS.

	s.	d.
The **"INTERNATIONAL" SWING BALL,** made of cow-hide—		
Small size	16	0
Medium size	18	6
Large size	22	6

Sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order at

"MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE, 172, Fleet Street, London.

SELF DEFENCE, OR THE ART OF BOXING.

By PROF. NED DONNELLY.

POST FREE, ONE SHILLING.

Containing full instructions in the Art of Self Defence, with 50 Illustrations of the various positions. Can be obtained of all Newsagents, or of

THE MIRROR OF LIFE Co., Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

BOB FITZSIMMONS.

New and Revised Edition of the

LIFE, BATTLES, AND RECORDS OF THE EX-CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

Containing full-length portraits of Bob Fitzsimmons, Jas J. Corbett, Peter Maher, Jas. J. Jeffries, and Tom Sharkey. Double page illustration of the scene in the ring in the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries Fight, and full details of the battle. Also full account of the Fitzsimmons and Corbett Fight.

The only correct Diagram of the Blows, as taken by Billy Madden, during the Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight at Carson City, Nevada, and Diagram of Blows in the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons Fight. Special account of the Fight between Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, by Geo. Siler, the Referee.

Sent, post paid, on receipt of

THREEPENCE.

Address, "MIRROR OF LIFE," 172, Fleet Street, London. E.C.

THE MODERN ATHLETE,

AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK

On WRESTLING and MODERN TRAINING,

By TOM CONNORS,

Champion Wrestler for Thirteen Years.

Sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom,

PRICE SEVENPENCE.

MIRROR OF LIFE CO., Limited, 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

"The Mirror of Life" Gallery of Prominent Pugilists.

Cabinet-size Portraits of Frank Slavin, "Kid" Lavigne, "Pedlar" Palmer, Jem Carney, "Kid" McCoy, Tommy Ryan, Jas. J. Corbett, Eddie Curry, Bob Fitzsimmons, Billy Rotchford, Jem Barry, Peter Maher, Geo. Dixon, John L. Sullivan, Sammy Kelly, Dan Creedon, Chas. Mitchell, Joe Choynski, Tom Sharkey, Dick Burge, Jem Mace, Gus. Ruhlin, Jim Jeffries, Mike Sears, Frank Craig, Billy Plimmer, Terry McGovern, Frank Erne, Oscar Gardener, and others.

Single Photographs of any of the above well-known Pugilists sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of stamps for

SIXPENCE.

Address: "MIRROR OF LIFE," 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

RING RECORD AND FISTIC FACTS.

Containing Reliable Records of Prominent English, Australian, and American Pugilists, with Portraits. Jim Corbett, Peter Maher, "Kid" Lavigne, Tom Sharkey, Frank Slavin, "Kid" McCoy, Eddie Connolly, John L. Sullivan, Joe Choynski, Jake Kilrain, Jim Hall, Bob Fitzsimmons, Geo. Dixon, Dick Burge, Tom Tracey, Dan Creedon, The "Coffee Cooler," Solly Smith, Charlie Mitchell, Joe Goddard, Steve O'Donnell, Joe Walcott, &c., &c.

Price 3d., post free, on application to

THE MIRROR OF LIFE Co., Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London.

PRICE REDUCED to SIXPENCE.

POST FREE SEVENPENCE.

LIFE AND BATTLES OF JAS. J. CORBETT

Ex-Champion of the World.

Containing Portraits of the Principal Pugilists whom Corbett has beaten. Graphic description of Corbett's Battles with Peter Jackson, John L. Sullivan, Charles Mitchell, including his last Great Battle with BOB FITZSIMMONS.

Can be obtained of all Newsagents, or of

"THE MIRROR OF LIFE," 172, Fleet Street, London.

VALENTINES.

A Fist Full of Beauties for the 14th of February.

Printed by THE ARGUS PRINTING COMPANY, LIMITED, Tudor Street, and Published Every Wednesday by G. E. MEYRICK, for THE MIRROR OF LIFE Company, Ltd., at 172, Fleet Street, E.C.